

S E L E C T
P O E M S;

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VIZ.

HAMMOND's Love elegies.

STILLINGFLEET's Essay
on conversation.

AIKENSIDE's Odes.

And

PHILIPS' Pastorals.

G L A S G O W:

PRINTED BY ANDREW FOULIS, PRINTER
TO THE UNIVERSITY.

M.DCC,LXXXIII.



L O V E
E L E G I E S.

B Y

MR. HAMMOND:

WRITTEN IN THE YEAR 1732.

With a PREFACE by the E. of C——d.

Virginibus puerisque canto.

G L A S G O W:

PRINTED AND SOLD BY ANDREW FOULIS,
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T H E
P R E F A C E.

THE following elegies were wrote by a young gentleman lately dead, and justly lamented.

As he had never declared his intentions concerning their publication, a friend of his, into whose hands they fell, determined to publish them, in the persuasion that they would neither be unwelcome to the public, nor injurious to the memory of their author. The reader must decide, whether this determination was the result of just judgment, or partial friendship; for the editor feels, and avows so much of the latter, that he gives up all pretensions to the former.

The author composed them ten years ago, before he was two and twenty years old; an age when fancy and imagination commonly riot, at the expence of judgment and correctness, neither of which seem wanting here. But sincere in his love as in his friendship, he wrote to his mistresses, as he spoke to his friends, nothing but the true genuine sentiments of his heart; he sat down to write what he thought, not to think what he should write; 'twas nature, and sentiment only that dictated to a real mistress, not youthful and poetic fancy, to an imaginary one. Elegy therefore speaks here her own, proper, native language, the unaffected, plaintive language of the tender passions; the true elegiac dignity, and simplicity are preserved and

united, the one without pride, the other without meanness. Tibullus seems to have been the model, our author judiciously preferred to Ovid; the former writing directly from the heart to the heart, the latter too often yielding, and addressing himself to the imagination.

The undissipated youth of the author allowed him time to apply himself to the best masters, the ancients, and his parts enabled him to make the best use of them; for upon those great models of solid sense and virtue, he formed not only his genius, but his heart, both well prepared by nature to adopt, and adorn the resemblance. He admired that justness, that noble simplicity of thought and expression, which have distinguished, and preserved their writings to this day; but he revered that love of their country, that contempt of riches, that sacredness of friendship, and all those heroic and social virtues, which marked them out as the objects of the veneration, though not the imitation of succeeding ages; and he looked back with a kind of religious awe and delight, upon those glorious and happy times of Greece and Rome, when wisdom, virtue and liberty formed the only triumvirates, ere luxury invited corruption to taint, or corruption introduced slavery to destroy, all public and private virtues. In these sentiments he lived, and would have lived, even in these times; in these sentiments he died.—but in these times too.—“*Ut non erepta a diis immortalibus vita, sed donata mors esse videatur.*”

LOVE ELEGIES.

ELEGY I.

On his falling in love with Neaera.

FAREWEL that liberty our fathers gave,
In vain they gave, their sons receiv'd in vain:
I saw Neaera, and her instant slave,
Tho' born a Briton, hugg'd the servile chain.

Her usage well repays my coward heart,
Meanly she triumphs in her lover's shame,
No healing joy relieves his constant smart,
No smile of love rewards the loss of fame.

Oh that to feel these killing pangs no more,
On Scythian hills I lay a senseless stone,
Was fix'd a rock amidst the watry roar,
And in the vast Atlantic stood alone.

Adieu, ye muses, or my passion aid,
Why shou'd I loiter by your idle spring?
My humble voice would move one only maid,
And she contemns the trifles which I sing.

I do not ask the lofty epic strain,
Nor strive to paint the wonders of the sphere:
I only sing one cruel maid to gain,
Adieu, ye muses, if she will not hear.

6 LOVE ELEGIES.

No more in useless innocence I'll pine,
 Since guilty presents win the greedy fair,
 I'll tear its honours from the broken shrine,
 But chiefly thine, O Venus, will I tear.

Deceiv'd by thee, I lov'd a beauteous maid,
 Who bends on sordid gold her low desires:
 Nor worth nor passion can her heart persuade,
 But love must act what avarice requires,

Unwise who first, the charms of nature lost,
 With Tyrian purple soil'd the snowy sheep;
 Unwiser still who seas and mountains cross,
 To dig the rock, and search the pearly deep:

These costly toys our silly fair surprise,
 The shining follies cheat their feeble sight,
 Their hearts, secure in trifles, love despise,
 'Tis vain to court them, but more vain to write.

Why did the gods conceal the little mind,
 And earthly thought beneath a heavenly face?
 Forget the worth that dignifies mankind,
 Yet smooth and polish so each outward grace;

Hence all the blame that love and Venus bear,
 Hence pleasure short, and anguish ever long,
 Hence tears and sighs, and hence the pceivish fair,
 The froward lover,—Hence this angry song.

LOVE ELEGIES.

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ELEGY II.

Unable to satisfy the covetous temper of Neaera, he intends to make a campaign, and try, if possible, to forget her.

ADIEU, ye walls, that guard my cruel fair,
No more I'll sit in rosy fetters bound.
My limbs have learn'd the weight of arms to bear,
My rousing spirits feel the trumpet's sound.

Few are the maids that now on merit smile,
On spoil and war is bent this iron age;
Yet pain and death attend on war and spoil,
Unfated vengeance and remorseless rage:

To purchase spoil even love itself is sold,
Her lover's heart is least Neaera's care,
And I thro' war must seek detested gold,
Not for myself, but for my venal fair:

That while she bends beneath the weight of dress,
The stiffen'd robe may spoil her easy mien;
And art mistaken make her beauty less,
While still it hides some graces better seen.

But if such toys can win her lovely smile,
Hers be the weight of Tagus' golden sand,
Hers the bright gems that glow in India's soil,
Hers the black sons of Afric's sultry land.

To please her eye let every loom contend,
 For her be rifled ocean's pearly bed.
 But where alas wou'd idle fancy tend?
 And sooth with dreams a youthful poet's head?

Let others buy the cold unloving maid,
 In forc'd embraces act the tyrant's part,
 While I their selfish luxury upbraid,
 And scorn the person where I doubt the heart.

Thus warm'd by pride, I think I love no more,
 And hide in threats the weakness of my mind:
 In vain,—tho' reason fly the hated door,
 Yet love, the coward love, still lags behind.

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ELEGY III.

He upbraids and threatens the avarice of Neaera, and resolves to quit her.

SHOULD Jove descend in floods of liquid ore,
And golden torrents stream from every part,
That craving bosom still would heave for more,
Not all the god could satisfy thy heart:

But may thy folly, which can thus disdain
My honest love, the mighty wrong repay,
May midnight fire involve thy sordid gain,
And on the shining heaps of rapine prey:

May all the youths, like me, by love deceiv'd,
Not quench the ruin, but applaud the doom,
And when thou dy'st, may not one heart be griev'd,
May not one tear bedew the lonely tomb.

But the deserving, tender, generous maid,
Whose only care is her poor lover's mind,
Tho' ruthless age may bid her beauty fade,
In every friend to love, a friend shall find:

And, when the lamp of life will burn no more,
When dead she seems as in a gentle sleep,
The pitying neighbour shall her loss deplore,
And round the bier assembled lovers weep:

With flowery garlands, each revolving year
 Shall strow the grave where truth and softness rest,
 Then home returning drop the pious tear,
 And bid the turf lye easy on her breast.

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ELEGY IV.

*To his friend, written under the confinement of a long
indisposition.*

WHILE calm you sit beneath your secret shade,
And lose in pleasing thought the summer day,
Or tempt the wish of some unpractis'd maid,
Whose heart at once inclines and fears to stray:

The sprightly vigour of my youth is fled,
Lonely and sick on death is all my thought,
Oh spare, * Persephone, this guiltless head,
Love, too much love, is all thy suppliant's fault.

No virgin's easy faith I ere betray'd,
My tongue ne'er boasted of a feign'd embrace,
No poisons in the cup have I convey'd,
Nor vail'd destruction with a friendly face:

No secret horrors gnaw this quiet breast,
This pious hand ne'er rob'd the sacred fane,
I ne'er disturb'd the gods eternal rest
With curses loud,—but oft have pray'd in vain,

* The goddess of death.

No stealth of time has thinn'd my flowing hair,
 Nor age yet bent me with his iron hand;
 Ah why so soon the tender blossom tear?
 E'er autumn yet the ripen'd fruit demand.

Ye gods, whoe'er, in gloomy shades below,
 Now slowly tread your melancholy round,
 Now wandering view the baleful rivers flow,
 And musing hearken to their solemn sound:

Oh let me still enjoy the chearful day,
 Till many years unheeded o'er me roll'd,
 Pleas'd in my age I trifle life away.
 And tell how much we lov'd, e'er I grew old.

But you, who now with festive garlands crown'd,
 In chase of pleasure the gay moments spend,
 By quick enjoyment heal love's pleasing wound,
 And grieve for nothing, but your absent friend.

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ELEGY V.

The lover is at first introduced speaking to his servant, he afterwards addresses himself to his mistress, and at last there is a supposed interview between them.

WITH wine more wine deceive thy master's care,
Till creeping slumber sooth his troubled breast,
Let not a whisper stir the silent air,
If hapless love a while consent to rest.

Untoward guards beset my Cynthia's doors,
And cruel locks th' imprison'd fair conceal,
May lightnings blast whom love in vain implores,
And Jove's own thunder rive those bolts of steel.

Ah gentle door, attend my humble call,
Nor let thy sounding hinge our thefts betray,
So all my curses far from thee shall fall,
We angry lovers mean not half we say.

Remember now the flowery wreaths I gave,
When first I told thee of my bold desires,
Nor thou, O Cynthia, fear the watchful slave,
Venus will favour what herself inspires.

She guides the youths who see not where they tread,
She shews the virgin how to turn the door,
Softly to steal from off her silent bed,
And not a step betray her on the floor.

The fearless lover wants no beam of light,
The robber knows him, nor obstructs his way,
Sacred he wanders thro' the pathless night,
Belongs to Venus, and can never stray.

I scorn the chilling wind, and beating rain,
Nor heed cold watchings on the dewy ground,
If all the hardships I for love sustain,
With love's victorious joys at last be crown'd.

With sudden step let none our bliss surprize,
Or check the freedom of secure delight——
Rash man beware and shut thy curious eyes,
Lest angry Venus snatch their guilty sight:

But shouldst thou see, th' important secret hide,
Tho' question'd by the powers of earth and heav'n,
The prating tongue shall love's revenge abide,
Still sue for grace, and never be forgiv'n.

A wizzard-dame, thy lover's ancient friend,
With magic charm has deafst thy husband's ear,
At her command I saw the stars descend,
And winged lightnings stop in mid career.

I saw her stamp, and cleave the solid ground,
While ghastly spectres round us wildly roam,
I saw them hearken to her potent sound,
Till fear'd at day they sought their dreary home.

At her command the vigorous summer pines,
And wintry clouds obscure the hopeful year,
At her strong bidding gloomy winter shines,
And vernal roses on the snows appear.

She gave these charms, which I on thee bestow,
They dim the eye, and dull the jealous mind,
For me they make a husband nothing know,
For me, and only me, they make him blind:

But what did most this faithful heart surprise,
She boasted that her skill could set it free;
This faithful heart the boasted freedom flies,
How could it venture to abandon thee?

E L E G Y VI.

*He adjures Delia to pity him by their friendship with
Celia, who was lately dead.*

THOUSANDS would seek the lasting peace of death,
And in that harbour shun the storm of care,
Officious Hope still holds the fleeting breath,
She tells them still,—to-morrow will be fair.

She tells me, Delia, I shall thee obtain,
But can I listen to her syren song,
Who seven slow months have dragg'd my painful chain,
So long thy lover, and despis'd so long?

By all the joys thy dearest Celia gave,
Let not her once-lov'd friend unpitied burn;
So may her ashes find a peaceful grave,
And sleep uninjur'd in their sacred urn:

To her I first avow'd my tim'rous flame,
She nurs'd my hopes, and taught me how to sue,
She still would pity what the wise might blame,
And feel for weakness which she never knew:

Ah do not grieve the dear-lamented shade,
That hov'ring round us all my suff'rings hears,
She is my saint, to her my prayers are made,
With oft-repeated gifts of flowers and tears:

To her sad tomb at midnight I retire,
And lonely sitting by the silent stone,
I tell it all the griefs my wrongs inspire,
The marble image seems to hear my moan :

Thy friend's pale ghost shall vex thy sleepless bed,
And stand before thee all in virgin white;
That ruthless bosom will disturb the dead,
And call forth pity from eternal night;

Cease, cruel man, the mournful theme forbear,
Tho' much thou suffer, to thyself complain,
Ah to recall the sad remembrance spare,
One tear from her is more than all thy pain.

ELEGY VII.

*On Delia's being in the country, where he supposes
stays to see the harvest.*

Now Delia breathes in woods the fragrant air,
Dull are the hearts that still in town remain,
Venus herself attends on Delia there,
And Cupid sports amid the sylvan train.

Oh with what joy my Delia to behold,
I'd press the spade, or wield the weighty prong,
Guide the slow plough-share thro' the stubborn mold,
And patient goad the loit'ring ox along :

The scorching heats I'd carelessly despise,
Nor heed the blisters on my tender hand :
The great Apollo wore the same disguise,
Like me subdu'd to love's supreme command.

No healing herbs could sooth their master's pain,
The art of physic lost and useless lay,
To Peneus' stream, and Tempe's shady plain,
He drove his herds beneath the noon-tide ray :

Oft with a bleating lamb in either arm,
His blushing sister * saw him pace along,
Oft would his voice the silent valley charm,
Till lowing oxen broke the tender song.

* The goddess Diana.

LOVE ELEGIES.

Where are his triumphs? where his warlike toil?
Where by his darts the crested Python slain?
Where are his Delphi? his delightful isle?
The god himself has grown a cottage swain.

O Ceres, in your golden fields no more,
With harvest's chearful pomp my fair detain,—
Think what for lost Proserpina * you bore,
And in a mother's anguish feel my pain.

Our wiser fathers left their fields unsown,
Their food was acorns, love their sole employ.
They met, they lik'd, they staid, but till alone,
And in each valley snatch'd the honest joy:

No wakeful guard, no doors to stop desire,
Thrice happy times!—but oh I fondly rave,
Lead me to Delia, all her eyes inspire
I'll do—I'll plough or dig as Delia's slave.

* The daughter of Ceres taken from her by Pluto.

ELEGY VIII.

He despairs that he shall ever possess Delia.

AH what avails thy lover's pious care?
 His lavish incense clouds the sky in vain,
 Nor wealth nor greatness was his idle pray'r,
 For thee alone he pray'd, thee hop'd to gain;

With thee I hop'd to waste the pleasing day,
 Till in thy arms an age of joy was past,
 Then old with love insensibly decay,
 And on thy bosom gently breathe my last.

I scorn the Lydian river's golden wave,
 And all the vulgar charms of human life,
 I only ask to live my Delia's slave,
 And when I long have serv'd her, call her wife:

I only ask, of her I love possess,
 To sink o'ercome with bliss in safe repose,
 To strain her yielding beauties to my breast,
 And kiss her wearied eye-lids till they close.

Attend, O Juno, with thy sober ear,
 Attend, gay Venus, parent of desire,
 This one fond wish if you refuse to hear,
 Oh let me with this sigh of love expire.

ELEGY IX.

He has lost Delia.

HE who could first two gentle hearts unbind,
And rob a lover of his weeping fair,
Hard was the man, but harder in my mind,
The lover still who dy'd not of despair:

With mean disguise let others nature hide,
And mimic virtue with the paint of art,
I scorn the cheat of reason's foolish pride,
And boast the graceful weakness of my heart.

The more I think, the more I feel my pain,
And learn the more each heavenly charm to prize,
While fools, too light for passion, safe remain,
And dull sensation keeps the stupid wise.

Sad is my day, and sad my ling'ring night,
When wrapt in silent grief I weep alone,
Delia is lost, and all my past delight
Is now the source of unavailing moan.

Where is the wit that heighten'd beauty's charms?
Where is the face that fed my longing eyes?
Where is the shape that might have blest my arms?
Where all those hopes relentless fate denies?

When spent with endless grief I die at last,
 Delia may come, and see my poor remains,
 Oh Delia, after such an absence past,
 Canst thou still love, and not forget my pains?

Wilt thou in tears thy lover's corse attend?
 With eyes averted light the solemn pyre,
 Till all around the doleful flames ascend,
 Then slowly sinking, by degrees expire:

To sooth the hov'ring soul be thine the care,
 With plaintive cries to lead the mournful band,
 In sable weeds the golden vase to bear,
 And cull my ashes with thy trembling hand:

Panchaia's odours be their costly feast,
 And all the pride of Asia's fragrant year,
 Give them the treasures of the farthest east,
 And, what is still more precious, give thy tear.

Dying for thee, there is in death a pride,
 Let all the world thy hapless lover know,
 No silent urn the noble passion hide,
 But deeply graven thus my suff'rings show:

Here lies a youth borne down with love and care,
 He could not long his Delia's loss abide,
 Joy left his bosom with the parting fair,
 And when he durst no longer hope, he died.

ELEGY X.

On Delia's birth-day.

This day, which saw my Delia's beauties rise,
 Shall more than all our sacred days be blest,
 The world, enamour'd of her lovely eyes,
 Shall grow as good and gentle as her breast.

By all our guarded sighs, and hid desires,
 Oh may our guiltless love be still the same!
 I burn, and glory in the pleasing fires,
 If Delia's bosom share the mutual flame.

Thou happy genius of her natal hour,
 Accept her incense, if her thoughts be kind;
 But let her court in vain thy angry power,
 If all our vows are blotted from her mind.

And thou, O Venus, hear my righteous prayer,
 Or bind the shepherdes or loose the swain,
 Yet rather guard them both with equal care,
 And let them die together in thy chain.

What I demand perhaps her heart desires,
 But virgin fears her nicer tongue restrain,
 The secret thought, which blushing love inspires,
 The conscious eye can full as well explain.

E L E G Y XI.

*Against lovers going to war, in which he philosophically
prefers love and Delia to the more serious vanities of
the world.*

THE man, who sharpen'd first the warlike steel,
How fell and deadly was his iron heart,
He gave the wound encount'ring nations feel,
And death grew stronger by his fatal art:

Yet not from steel, debate and battle rose,
'Tis gold o'erturns the even scale of life,
Nature is free to all, and none were foes,
Till partial luxury began the strife.

Let spoil and victory adorn the bold,
While I inglorious neither hope nor fear,
Perish the thirst of honour, thirst of gold,
Ere for my absence Delia lose a tear.

Why should the lover quit his pleasing home,
In search of danger on some foreign ground?
Far from his weeping fair ungrateful roam,
And risk in every stroke a double wound :

Ah better far, beneath the spreading shade,
With chearful friends to drain the sprightly bowl,

To sing the beauties of my darling maid,
And on the sweet idea feast my soul.

Then, full of love, to all her charms retire;
And fold her blushing to my eager breast,
Till, quite o'ercome with softness, with desire,
Like me she pants, she faints, and sinks to rest.

E L E G Y XII.

To Delia.

No second love shall e'er my heart surprize,
 This solemn league did first our passion bind:
 Thou, only thou, canst please thy lover's eyes,
 Thy voice alone can sooth his troubled mind.

Oh that thy charms were only fair to me,
 Displease all others, and secure my rest,
 No need of envy,—let me happy be,
 I little care that others know me blest.

With thee in gloomy deserts let me dwell,
 Where never human footstep mark'd the ground;
 Thou, light of life, all darkness canst expell,
 And seem a world with solitude around.

I say too much—my heedless words restore;
 My tongue undoes me in this loving hour;
 Thou know'st thy strength, and thence insulting more,
 Wilt make me feel the weight of all thy power.

Whate'er I feel, thy slave I will remain,
 Nor fly the burthen I am form'd to bear;
 In chains I'll sit me down at Venus' fane,
 She knows my wrongs, and will regard my pray'r.

ELEGY XIII.

*He imagines himself married to Delia, and that content
with each other they are retired into the country.*

LET others boast their heaps of shining gold,
And view their fields with waving plenty crown'd,
Whom neighbouring foes in constant terror hold,
And trumpets break their slumbers never sound :

While calmly poor I trifle life away,
Enjoy sweet leisure by my chearful fire,
No wanton hope my quiet shall betray,
But cheaply blest I'll scorn each vain desire.

With timely care I'll sow my little field,
And plant my orchard with its master's hand,
Nor blush to spread the hay, the hook to wield,
Or range my sheaves along the sunny land.

If late at dusk, while carelessly I roam,
I meet a strolling kid, or bleating lamb,
Under my arm I'll bring the wand'rer home,
And not a little chide its thoughtless dam.

What joy to hear the tempest howl in vain,
And clasp a fearful mistress to my breast ?
Or lull'd to slumber by the beating rain,
Secure and happy sink at last to rest ?

Or if the sun in flaming Leo ride,
By steady rivers indolently stray,
And with my Delia, walking side by side,
Hear how they murmur, as they glide away.

What joy to wind along the cool retreat,
To stop and gaze on Delia as I go?
To mingle sweet discourse with kisses sweet,
And teach my lovely scholar all I know?

Thus pleas'd at heart, and not with fancy's dream,
In silent happiness I rest unknown;
Content with what I am, not what I seem,
I live for Delia, and myself alone.

Ah foolish man, who thus of her possess'd,
Cou'd float and wander with ambition's wind,
And if his outward trappings spoke him blest,
Not heed the sickness of his conscious mind.

With her I scorn the idle breath of praise,
Nor trust to happiness that's not our own,
The smile of fortune might suspicion raise,
But here I know that I am lov'd alone.

Stanhope, in wisdom, as in wit divine,
May rise and plead Britannia's glorious cause,
With steady rein his eager wit confine,
While manly sense the deep attention draws:

Let Stanhope speak his list'ning country's wrong,
My humble voice shall please one partial maid;
For her alone I pen my tender song,
Securely sitting in his friendly shade.

Stanhope shall come, and grace his rural friend,
Delia shall wonder at her noble guest,
With blushing awe the riper fruit commend,
And for her husband's patron cull the best.

am, Hers be the care of all my little train,
While I with tender indolence am blest,
The fav'rite subject of her gentle reign,
By love alone distinguish'd from the rest.

For her I'll yoke my oxen to the plough,
In gloomy forests tend my lonely flock,
For her a goat-herd climb the mountain's brow,
And sleep extended on the naked rock:

Ah what avails to press the stately bed,
And far from her midst tasteless grandeur weep,
By marble fountains lay the pensive head,
And, while they murmur, strive in vain to sleep!

Delia alone can please, and never tire,
Exceed the paint of thought in true delight,
With her, enjoyment wakens new desire,
And equal rapture glows through every night:

Beauty and worth in her alike contend.
To charm the fancy, and to fix the mind;
In her, my wife, my mistress, and my friend,
I taste the joys of sense and reason join'd.

On her I'll gaze, when others loves are o'er,
And dying press her with my clay-cold hand—
Thou weep'st already, as I were no more,
Nor can that gentle breast the thought withstand.

Oh, when I die, my latest moments spare,
Nor let thy grief with sharper torments kill,
Wound not thy cheeks, nor hurt that flowing hair,
Tho' I am dead, my soul shall love thee still:

Oh quit the room, oh quit the deathful bed,
Or thou wilt die, so tender is thy heart,
Oh leave me, Delia, ere thou see me dead,
These weeping friends will do thy mournful part.

Let them, extended on the decent bier, -
Convey the corse in melancholy state,
Thro' all the village spread the tender tear,
While pitying maids our wond'rous loves relate.

ELEGY XIV.

To Delia.

WHAT scenes of bliss my raptur'd fancy fram'd,
 In some lone spot with peace and thee retir'd,
 Tho' reason then my sanguine fondness blam'd,
 I still believ'd what flatt'ring love inspir'd.

But now my wrongs have taught my humble mind,
 To dang'rous bliss no longer to pretend,
 In books, a calm but fixt content to find,
 Safe joys, that on ourselves alone depend.

With them the gentle moments I beguile
 In learned ease, and elegant delight,
 Compare the beauties of each diff'rent stile,
 Each various ray of wit's diffusive light:

Now mark the strength of Milton's sacred lines,
 Sense rais'd by genius, fancy rul'd by art,
 Where all the glory of the God-head shines,
 And earliest innocence enchants the heart.

Now fir'd by Pope and Virtue leave the age
 In low pursuit of self-undoing wrong,
 And trace the author thro' his moral page,
 Whose blameless life still answers to his song.

If time and books my lingering pain can heal,
 And reason fix its empire o'er my heart,
 My patriot breast a nobler warmth shall feel,
 And glow with love, where weakness has no part.

Thy heart, O Lyttleton, shall be my guide,
 Its fire shall warm me, and its worth improve,
 Thy heart, above all envy, and all pride,
 Firm as man's sense, and soft as woman's love.

And you, O West, with her your partner dear,
 Whom social mirth and useful sense commend,
 With learning's feast my drooping mind shall cheer,
 Glad to escape from love to such a friend.

But why, so long my weaker heart deceive?
 Ah still I love in pride and reason's spite,
 No books, alas, my painful thoughts relieve,
 And while I threat, this elegy I write.

ELEGY XV.

To Mr. George Grenville.

On form'd alike to serve us and to please;
 Polite with honesty; and learn'd with ease;
 With heart to act, with genius to retire;
 Open, yet wise; tho' gentle, full of fire;
 With thee I scorn the low constraint of art,
 Nor fear to trust the follies of my heart;
 Hear then from what my long despair arose,
 The faithful story of a lover's woes:
 When, in a sober melancholy hour,
 Reduc'd by sickness under reason's power,
 I view'd my state too little weigh'd before,
 And Love himself could flatter me no more,
 My Delia's hopes I would no more deceive,
 But whom my passion hurt, thro' friendship leave,
 I choose the coldest words my heart to hide,
 And cure her sex's weakness thro' its pride:
 The prudence which I taught I ill pursu'd,
 The charm my reason broke my heart renew'd;
 Again submissive to her feet I came,
 And prov'd too well my passion by my shame;
 While she, secure in coldness, or disdain,
 Forgot my love, or triumph'd in its pain,
 Began with higher views her thoughts to raise,
 And scorn'd the humble poet of her praise:

She let each little lie o'er truth prevail,
And strengthen'd by her faith, each groundless tale
Believ'd the grossest arts that malice try'd,
Nor once in thought was on her lover's side:
Oh where were then my scenes of fancied life?
Oh where the friend, the mistress, and the wife?
Her years of promis'd love were quickly past,
Not two revolving moons could see them ash.—
To Stowe's delightful scenes I now repair,
In Cobham's smile to loose the gloom of care!
Nor fear that he my weakness should despise,
In nature learned, and humanely wise:
'There Pit, in manner soft, in friendship warm,
With mild advice my list'ning grief shall charm,
With sense to counsel, and with wit to please,
A Roman's virtue with a courtier's ease.
Nor you, my friend, whose heart is still at rest,
Contemn the human weakness of my breast;
Reason may chide the fault she cannot cure,
And pains, which long we scorn'd, we oft endure;
Tho' wiser cares employ your studious mind;
Form'd with a soul so elegantly kind,
Your breast may lose the calm it long has known,
And learn my woes to pity, by its own.

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AN
ESSAY
ON
CONVERSATION.

[By BENJAMIN STILLINGFLEET.]

*Oderunt hilarem tristes, tristemque jocosum,
Sedatum celeres, agilem gnavumque remissum.*

HORAT.

THE art of converse, how to sooth the soul
Of haughty man, his passions to controul,
His pride at once to humble and to please,
And join the dignity of life with ease,
Be now my Theme O thou, whom nature's hand
Fram'd for this best, this delicate command,
And taught, when lisping without reason's aid,
At the same time to speak and to persuade,
WYNDHAM, with diligence awhile attend,
Nor scorn th' instructions of an older friend;
Who when the world's great commerce shall have join'd
The deep reflection, and the strength of mind,
To the bright talents of thy youthful state,
In turn shall on thy better lessons wait.

Whence comes it, that in every art we see
 Many can rise to a supreme degree;
 Yet in this art, for which all seem design'd
 By nature, scarcely one compleat we find?
 You'll say, perhaps, we think, we speak, we move
 By the strong springs alone of selfish love:
 Yet among all the species, is there one,
 Whom, with more caution than ourselves, we shun
 What is it fills a puppet-shew, or court?
 Go none but for the profit, or the sport?
 If so, why comes each soul-fatigu'd away,
 And curses the dull puppets same dull play;
 Yet, unconvinc'd, is tempted still to go?
 'Tis that we find at home our greatest foe.
 And reason good why solitude we flee?
 Can wants with self-sufficiency agree?

Yet, such our inconsistency of mind,
 We court society, and hate mankind.
 With some we quarrel, for they're too sincere:
 With others, for they're close, reserv'd, and queer
 This is too learn'd, too prudent, or too wise;
 And that we for his ignorance despise:
 A voice perhaps our ear shall harshly strike,
 Then strait e'en wit itself shall raise dislike:
 Our eye may by some feature be annoy'd,
 Behold at once a character destroy'd!
 One's so good-natur'd, he's beyond all bearing;
 He'll ridicule no friend, tho' out of hearing:

Another, warm'd with zeal, offends our eyes;
Because he holds the mirror up to vice.
No wonder then, since fancies wild as these
Can move our spleen, that real faults displease.
When Maevius, spite of dullness, will be bright,
And teach ARGYLL to speak, and SWIFT to write;
When Flavia entertains us with her dreams,
And Macer with his no less airy schemes;
When peevishness, and jealousy, and pride,
And int'rest that can brother hearts divide,
In their imagin'd forms our eyesight hit,
Of an old maid, a poet, peer or cit;
Can then, you'll say, philosophy refrain,
And check the torrent of each boiling vein?
Yes. She can still do more; view passion's slave
With mind serene, indulge him, and yet save.

But self-conceit steps in, and with strict eye
Scans every man, and every man awry;
That reigning passion, which, thro' every stage
Of life, still haunts us with unceasing rage,
No quality so mean, but what can raise
Some drudging driveling candidate for praise;
E'en in the wretch, who wretches can despise,
Still self-conceit will find a time to rise.

Quintus salutes you with forbidding face;
And thinks, he carries his excuse in lace:
You ask, why Clodius bullies all he can?
Clodius will tell you, he's a gentleman:

Myrtilla struts and shudders half the year,
 With a round cap, that shews a fine turn'd ear:
 The lowest jest makes Delia laugh to death;
 Yet she's no fool, she has only handsome teeth.
 Ventoso lulls, and scorns all humankind
 From the gilt coach with four lac'd slaves behind;
 Does all this pomp and state proceed from merit,
 Mean thought! he deems it nobler to inherit:
 While fopling from some title draws his pride,
 Meanless, or infamous, or misapply'd;
 Free-mason, rake or wit, 'tis just the same,
 The charm is hence, he has gain'd himself a name.
 Yet, spite of all the fools that pride has made,
 'Tis not on man an useless burthen laid;
 Pride has ennobled some, and some disgrac'd;
 It hurts not in itself, but as 'tis plac'd:
 When right, its view knows none but virtue's bound;
 When wrong, it scarcely looks one inch around.
 Mark! with what care the fair one's critic eye
 Scans o'er her dress nor lets a fault slip by;
 Each rebel hair must be reduc'd to place
 With tedious skill, and tortur'd into grace;
 Betty must o'er and o'er the pins dispose,
 Till into modish folds the drap'ry flows,
 And the whole frame is fitted to express
 The charms of decency and nakedness.
 Why all this art, this labour'd ornament?
 To captivate, you'll cry no doubt, 'tis meant.
 True But let's wait upon this fair machine
 From the lone closet to the social scene;

AN ESSAY ON CONVERSATION.

5

There view her loud, affected, scornful, sour,
Daining all others, and herself still more.
What means she, at one instant to disgrace,
The labour of ten hours, her much-lov'd face?
Why? 'tis the self-same passion gratify'd;
The work is ruin'd, that was rais'd, by pride.

Yet of all tempers, it requires least pain,
Could we but rule ourselves, to rule the vain:
The prudent is by reason only sway'd,
With him each sentence and each word is weigh'd:
The gay and giddy can alone be caught
By the quick lustre of a happy thought;
The miser hates, unless he steals your pelf;
The prodigal, unless you rob yourself;
The lewd will shun you, if your wife prove chaste;
The jealous, if a smile on his be cast;
The steady or the whimsical will blame,
Either, because you're not, or are, the same;
The peevish, sullen, shrewd, luxurious, rash,
Will with your virtue, peace, or interest, clash;
But mark the proud man's price, how very low!
'Tis but a civil speech, a smile, or bow.

Ye who, push'd on by noble ardour, aim
In social life to gain immortal fame,
Observe the various passions of mankind,
Gen'ral, peculiar, single, or combin'd:
How youth from manhood differs in its views;
And how old age still other paths pursues;

6/ AN ESSAY ON CONVERSATION.

How zeal in Priscus nothing more than heats,
In Codex burns, and ruins all it meets;
How freedom now a lovely face shall wear,
Now shock us in the likeness of a bear;
How jealousy in some resembles hate,
In others, seems but love grown delicate;
How modesty is often pride refin'd,
And virtue but the canker of the mind;
How love of riches, grandeur, life and fame,
Wear diff'rent shapes, and yet are still the same.

But not our passions only disagree,
In taste is found as great variety:
Sylvius is ravish'd when he hears a hound,
His lady hates to death the odious sound:
Yet both love music, tho' in diff'rent ways;
He in a kennel, she at opera's.
A florist shall, perhaps, not grudge some hours,
To view the colours in a bed of flow'rs;
Yet, shew him TITIAN's workmanship divine,
He passes on, and only cries, 'tis fine.
A rusty coin, an old worm-eaten post,
The mouldy fragment of an author lost,
A butterfly, an equipage, a star,
A globe, a fine lac'd head, a china jar,
A mistress, or a fashion, that is new,
Have each their charms, tho' felt but by a few.
Then study each man's passions and his taste,
The first to soften, and indulge the last:

Not like the wretch, who beats down virtue's fence,
And deviates from the paths of common sense;
Who daubs with fulsome flatt'ry, blind and bold,
The very weakness we with grief behold.
Passions are common to the fool and wise,
And all would hide them under art's disguise;
For so avow'd, in others, is their shame,
None hates them more, than he who has the same.
But taste seems more peculiarly our own,
And every man is fond to make his known;
Proud of a mark he fancies is design'd
By nature to advance him o'er his kind;
And where he sees that character impress'd,
With joy he hugs the favourite to his breast.

But the main stress of all our cares must lie,
To watch ourselves with strict and constant eye:
To mark the working mind, when passions' course
Begins to swell, and reason still has force;
Or, if she's conquer'd by the stronger tide,
Observe the moments when they first subside:
For he who hopes a victory to win
O'er other men, must with himself begin;
Else, like a town by mutiny oppress'd,
He's ruin'd by the foe within his breast;
And they alone, who in themselves oft view
Man's image, know what method to pursue.
All other creatures keep in beaten ways,
Man only moves in an eternal maze.

8 AN ESSAY ON CONVERSATION.

He lives and dies, not tam'd by cultivation,
 The wretch of reason, and the dupe of passion:
 Curious of knowing, yet too proud to learn;
 More prone to doubt, than anxious to discern:
 Tir'd with old doctrines, prejudic'd at new;
 Mistaking still the pleasing for the true;
 Foe to restraints approv'd by general voice,
 Yet to each fool-born mode a slave by choice:
 Of rest impatient, yet in love with ease;
 When most good-natur'd, aiming how to tease:
 Disdaining by the vulgar to be aw'd,
 Yet never pleas'd but when the fools applaud:
 By turns severe, indulgent, humble, vain;
 A trifle serves to lose him or to gain.

Then grant this trifle, yet his vices shun,
 Not like to CATO or to * CLINIAS, son:
 This for each humour every shape could take,
 Even virtue's own, tho' not for virtue's sake;
 At Athens rakish, thoughtless, full of fire,
 Severe at Sparta, as a Chartreux fryar;
 In Thrace, a bully, drunken, rash and rude;
 In Asia gay, effeminate and lewd;
 While the rough Roman, virtue's rigid friend,
 Cou'd not, to save the cause he dy'd for, bend:
 In him 'twas scarce an honour to be good,
 He more indulg'd a passion, than subdu'd.
 See how the skilful lover spreads his toils,
 When eager in pursuit of beauty's spoils!

* Alcibiades.

Behold him bending at his idol's feet;
Humble, not mean; disputing, and yet sweet:
In rivalship not fierce, nor yet unmov'd;
Without a rival studious to be lov'd;
For ever chearful, tho' not always witty;
And never giving cause for hate or pity:
These are his arts, such arts as must prevail;
When riches, birth, and beauty's self will fail:
And what he does to gain a vulgar end,
Shall we neglect, to make mankind our friend?

Good sense and learning may esteem obtain;
Humour and wit a laugh, if rightly ta'en;
Fair virtue admiration may impart;
But 'tis good-nature only wins the heart:
It molds the body to an easy grace,
And brightens every feature of the face:
It smoothes th' unpolish'd tongue with eloquence,
And adds persuasion to the finest sense.
Yet this, like every disposition, has
Fixt bounds, o'er which it never ought to pass;
When stretch'd too far, its honour dies away,
Its merit sinks, and all its charms decay;
Among the good it meets with no applause,
And to its ruin the malicious draws:
A slave to all, who force it, or entice,
It falls by chance in virtue or in vice.
'Tis true, in pity for the poor it bleeds,
It cloathes the naked, and the hungry feeds;

It cheers the stranger, nay, its foe defends,
But then as oft it injures its best friends.

Study with care politeness, that must teach
The modish forms of gesture and of speech:
In vain formality, with matron mien,
And pertness, apes her with familiar grin;
They against nature for applauses strain,
Distort themselves, and give all others pain:
She moves with easy, tho' with measur'd pace,
And shews no part of study, but the grace.
Yet ev'n by this man is but half refin'd,
Unless philosophy subdues the mind:
'Tis but a varnish that is quickly lost,
Whene'er the soul in passion's sea is tost.

Wou'd you both please and be instructed too,
Watch well the rage of shining to subdue;
Hear every man upon his favourite theme,
And ever be more knowing than you seem.
The lowest genius will afford some light,
Or give a hint that had escap'd your sight.
Doubt, till he thinks you on conviction yield,
And with fit questions let each pause be fill'd;
And the most knowing will with pleasure grant,
You're rather much reserv'd, than ignorant.

The rays of wit gild wheresoe'er they strike,
But are not therefore fit for all alike;

They charm the lively, but the grave offend,
 And raise a foe as often as a friend;
 Like the resistless beams of blazing light,
 That cheer the strong, and pain the weakly sight.
 If a bright fancy therefore be your share,
 Let judgment watch it with a guardian's care:
 'Tis like a torrent apt to overflow,
 Unless by constant government kept low;
 And ne'er inefficacious passes by,
 But overturns or gladdens all that's nigh.
 Or else, like trees, when suffer'd wild to shoot,
 That put forth much, but all unripen'd fruit;
 It turns to affectation and grimace,
 As like to wit, as dullness is to grace.

How hard foe'er it be to bridle wit,
 Yet mem'ry oft no less requires the bit:
 How many, hurried by its force away,
 For ever in the land of gossips stray?
 Usurp the province of the nurse to lull,
 Without her privilege to being dull?
 Tales upon tales they raise ten stories high,
 Without regard to use or symmetry:
 So R——, till his destin'd space is fill'd,
 Heaps bricks on bricks, and fancies 'tis to build.
 A story should, to please, at least seem true,
 Be a propos, well told, concise, and new;
 And whensoever it deviates from these rules,
 The wise will sleep, and leave applause to fools.

But others, more intolerable yet,
 The waggeries, that they've said, or heard, repeat
 Heavy by mem'ry made, and what's the worst,
 At second-hand as often as at first.
 And can even patience hear, without disdain,
 The maiming register of sense once slain?
 While the dull features, big with archness, strive
 In vain, the forc'd half-smile to keep alive.

Some know no joy like what a word can raise,
 Haul'd thro' a language's perplexing maze
 Till on a mate, that seems t'agree, they light,
 Like man and wife, that still are opposite;
 Not lawyers at the bar play more with sense,
 When brought to the last trope of eloquence,
 Than they on ev'ry subject, great or small,
 At clubs, or councils, at a church, or ball;
 Then cry we rob them of their tribute due!
 Alas! how can we laugh and pity too?

While others to extremes as wild will run,
 And with four face anatomize a pun;
 When the brisk glass to freedom does entice,
 And rigid wisdom is a kind of vice.
 But let not such grave sops your laughter spoil;
 Ne'er frown where sense may innocently smile.

Cramp not your language into logic rules,
 To Rostrums leave the pedantry of schools;

Nor let your learning always be discern'd,
 But choose to seem judicious more than learn'd.
 Quote seldom, and then let it be, at least,
 Some fact that's prov'd, or thought that's well ex-
 press'd.

But lest, disguis'd, your eye it should escape,
 Know, pedantry can put on ev'ry shape :
 For when we deviate into terms of art,
 Unless constrain'd, we act the pedant's part.
 Or if we're ever in the self-same key,
 No matter of what kind the subject be,
 From laws of nations down to laws of dress,
 For statesmen have their cant, and belles no less.
 As good, hear B——y dictate on epistles,
 Or B——m——n comment on the Graecian whistles;
 As old Obesus preach upon his belly,
 Or Phileunucha rant on Farinelli;
 Hirtilla read a lecture on a fan,
 Or W——d set forth the praise of Kouli-Kan.

But, above all things, raillery decline,
 Nature but few does for that task design;
 'Tis in the ablest hand a dang'rous tool,
 But never fails to wound the meddling fool :
 For all must grant, it needs no common art
 To keep men patient, when we make them smart.
 Not wit alone, nor humour's self, will do,
 Without good nature, and much prudence too,
 To judge aright of persons, place, and time;
 For taste decrees what's low, and what's sublime :

And what might charm to-day, or o'er a glass,
Perhaps at court, or next day wou'd not pass.
Then leave to low buffoons, by custom bred,
And form'd by nature to be kick'd and fed,
The vulgar and unenvied task, to hit,
All persons right or wrong with random wit.
Our wise forefathers, born in sober days,
Resign'd to fools the tart and witty phrase;
The motley coat gave warning for the jest,
Excus'd the wound, and sanctify'd the pest:
But we from high to low all strive to sneer,
Will all be wits, and not the livery wear.

Of all the qualities that help to raise
In men the universal voice of praise,
Whether in pleasure or in use they end,
'There's none that can with modesty contend.
'Tis a transparent veil, that helps the sight,
And lets us look on merit with delight:
In others, 'tis a kindly light, that seems
To gild the worst defects with borrow'd beams
Yet, 'tis but little that its form be caught,
Unless its origin be first in thought:
Else rebel nature will reveal the cheat,
And the whole work of art at once defeat.

Hold forth upon yourself on no pretence,
Unless invited, or in self-defence;
'The praise you take, altho' it be your due,
Will be suspected, if it come from you:

Each man, by experience taught, can tell
How strong a flatterer does within him dwell:
And if to self-condemning you incline,
To sober sadness, and without design,
For some will flily arrogate a vice,
(That from excess of virtue takes its rise)
The world cries out, why does he hither come?
Let him do penance for his sins at home.

No part of conduct asks for skill more nice,
No none more common, than to give advice:
Who offers themselves in this will not be saving,
Unless their knowledge makes it worth the having.
And where's the wonder, when we will obtrude
An useless gift, it meets ingratitude?
Run then, unask'd, this arduous task to try;
But if consulted, use sincerity:
Too sacred is the welfare of a friend,
To give it up for any selfish end.
But use one caution, list him o'er and o'er,
To find if all be not resolv'd before.
In such the case, in spite of all his art,
Some word will give the soundings of his heart;
And why shou'd you a bootless freedom use,
That serves him not, and may his freindship lose?
Yet still on truth bestow this mark of love,
Ne'er to commend the thing you can't approve.
Sincerity has such resistless charms,
The oft the fiercest of our foes disarms:

No art she knows, in native whiteness dress'd,
Her thoughts all pure, and therefore all express'd :
She takes from error its deformity,
And without her, all other virtues die
Bright source of goodness! to my aid descend,
Watch o'er my heart, and all my words attend :
If still thou deign to set thy foot below,
Among a race quite polish'd into show.
Oh! save me from the jilt's dissembling art,
Who grants to all, all favours, but her heart;
Prevents the end of charming, for the fame;
'To fan her business, to deceive her aim :
She smiles on this man, tips the wink on that,
Gives one a squeeze, another a kind pat;
Now jogs a foot, now whispers in an ear;
Here slips a letter, and there casts a leer;
Till the kind thing, the company throughout,
Distributes all its pretty self about;
While all are pleas'd, and wretched soon or late,
All but the wise, who see and shun the bait.

Yet if, as complaisance requires to do,
And rigid virtue sometimes will allow,
You stretch the truth in favour of a friend,
Be sure it ever aim at some good end;
To cherish growing virtue, vice to shame,
And turn to noble views the love of fame :
And not, like fawning parasites, unaw'd
By sense or truth, be ev'ry passion's bawd.

Be rarely warm in censure, or in praise;
Few men deserve our passion either ways:
For half the world but floats 'twixt good and ill.
As chance disposes objects, these the will;
'Tis but a see-saw game, where virtue now
Mounts above vice, and then sinks down as low.
Besides the wise still hold it for a rule,
To trust that judgment most, that seems most cool:
For all that rises to hyperbole,
Proves that we err, at least in the degree.
But if your temper to extremes should lead,
Always upon th' indulging side exceed;
For tho' to blame most lend a willing ear,
Yet hatred ever will attend on fear;
And when a neighbour's dwelling blazes out,
The world will think 'tis time to look about.

Let not the curious from your bosom steal
Secrets, where prudence ought to set her seal;
Yet be so frank and plain, that at one view,
In other things, each man may see you thro':
For if the mask of policy you wear,
The honest hate you, and the cunning fear.

Wou'd you be well receiv'd where-e'er you go,
Remember, each man vanquish'd is a foe.
Resist not, therefore, with your utmost might,
But let the weakest think he's sometimes right;

He, for each triumph you shall thus decline,
 Shall give ten opportunities to shine :
 He sees, since once you own'd him to excel,
 That 'tis his interest you shou'd reason well ;
 And tho' when roughly us'd, he's full of choler,
 As blustering B——y to a brother scholar,
 Yet, by degrees, inure him to submit,
 He's tame, and in his mouth receives the bit.
 But chiefly against trifling contests guard,
 'Tis here submission seems to man most hard :
 Nor imitate that resolute old fool *,
 Who undertook to kick against his mule.
 But those who will not by instruction learn
 How fatal trifles prove, let story warn,
 Panthus and Euclio, link'd by friendship's tie,
 Liv'd each for each, as each for each wou'd die ;
 Like objects pleas'd them, and like objects pain'd ;
 'Twas but one soul that in two bodies reign'd.
 One night, as usual 'twas their nights to pass,
 They ply'd the cheerful, but still temp'rate glass,
 When lo ! a doubt is rais'd about a word :
 A doubt that must be ended by the sword :
 One falls a victim, mark, O man, thy shame,
 Because their glossaries were not the same.
 Cou'd Ba——l——y's self more tenderness have shown
 For his two tomes of words, tho' half his own ?

For what remains or failings without end,
 Morals must some, and some the laws must mend.

* Ctesipho.

While others in such monstrous forms appear,
As tongue-ty'd sourness, sly suspicion's leer,
Free-sifted rudeness, dropfical pretence,
Proteus' caprice, and elbowing insolence;
No caution to avoid them they demand,
Like wretches branded by the hangman's hand.

If faith to some philosophers be giv'n,
Man, that great lord of earth, that heir of heav'n,
Savage at first, inhabited the wood,
And scrambled with his fellow-brutes for food :
No social home he knew, no friendship's tie,
Selfish in good, in ill without ally ;
Till some in length of time, of stronger nerve,
And greater cunning, forc'd the rest to serve
One common purpose, and, in nature's spite,
Brought the whole jarring species to unite.
But might we not with equal reason say,
That ev'ry single particle of clay,
Which forms our body, was at first design'd
To lie for ever from the rest disjoin'd ?
Can this be said, and can it be allow'd
Twas with its powers for no one end endow'd ?
If so; we own that man, at first, by art
Was sooth'd to act in social life a part.
Tis true, in some the seeds of discord seem
To contradict this all-uniting scheme ;
But that no more hurts nature's general course,
Than matter found with a repelling force.

Turn we a while on lonely man our eyes,
 And see what frantick scenes of folly rise :
 In some dark monastery's gloomy cells,
 Where formal self-presuming virtue dwells,
 Bedoz'd with dreams of grace-distilling caves,
 Of holy puddles, unconsuming graves,
 Of animated plaister, wood, and stone,
 And mighty cures by fainted sinners done.
 Permit me, muse, still farther to explore,
 And turn the leaves of superstition o'er;
 Where wonders upon wonders ever grow,
 Chaos of zeal and blindness, mirth and woe;
 * Visions of devils into monkeys turn'd,
 That hot from hell roar at a finger burn'd;
 † Bottles of precious tears that saints have wept,
 ‡ And breath a thousand years in phials kept :
 § Sun-beams sent down to prop one friar's staff,
 || And hell broke loose to make another laugh;
 * * Obedient fleas, and †† superstitious mice;

* St. Dominick, vide Jansenius (Nic.)

† Of our Saviour and others, vide Ferrand.

‡ Of Joseph, vide Molinaem.

§ St. Cathro's, vide Colganum.

|| St. Anthony.

* * Vide life of St. Colman by Colganus.

†† The same life by the same author.

† Confessing wolves, and §§ sanctifying lice;
|| Letters and houses by an angel carried;
, And, wondrous! virgin nuns to JESUS married.
One monk, not knowing how to spend his time,
Sits down to find out some unheard-of crime;
Increases the large catalogue of sins,
And where the sober finish, there begins.
Of death eternal his decree is past,
For the first crime, as fix'd as for the last.
While that, as idle, and as pious too,
Compounds with false religion for the true;
He, courtly usher to the blest abodes,
Weighs all the niceties of forms and modes;
And makes the rugged paths so smooth and even,
None but an ill-bred man can miss of heav'n.
One heav'n-inspir'd invents a frock, or hood:
The taylor now cuts out, and men grow good.
Another quits his stockings, breeches, shirt,
Because he fancies virtue dwells with dirt:
While all concur to take away the stress
From weightier points, and lay it on the less.

†† Vide speculum vitae sancti Francisci.

§§ St. Munnu gathered those that dropt from him,
and put them in their places again, vide Act. Sancto-
rum.

||| From St. Firman to St. Columba, vide Colganum
Chapel of Loretto.

, Maria de la visitation, vide her life by Lufinam.

22 AN ESSAY ON CONVERSATION.

Anxious each paltry relique to preserve
Of him whose hungry friends they leave to starve.
Harraſs'd by watchings, abſtinence, and chains;
Stranger to joys, familiar grown with pains;
To all the means of virtue they attend
With ſtricteſt care, and only miſs the end.
Can ſcripture teach us, or can ſenſe perſuade,
'That man for ſuch employments e'er was made ?
Far be that thought! but let us now relate
A character as oppoſite, as great,
In him, who living gave to Athens fame,
And, by his death, immortaliz'd her ſhame.
Great ſcourge of ſophiſts! he from heav'n brought
down,

And plac'd true wiſdom on th' uſurper's throne:
Philosopher in all things, but pretence;
He taught what they neglected, common ſenſe.
They o'er the ſtiff Lyceum form'd to rule;
He, o'er mankind; all Athens was his ſchool.
The ſober tradesman, and ſmart petit-maitre,
Great lords, and wits, in their own eyes ſtill greater,
With him grew wiſe; unknowing they were taught;
He ſpoke like them, tho' not like them he thought:
Nor wept, nor laugh'd, at man's perverted ſtate;
But left to women this, to ideots that.
View him with ſophiſts ſam'd for fierce conteſt,
Or crown'd with roſes at the jovial feaſt;
Insulted by a peeviſh, noiſy wife;
Or at the bar foredoom'd to loſe his life;

What moving words flow from his artless tongue,
Sublime with ease, with condescension strong!
Yet scorn'd to flatter vice, or virtue blame;
Nor chang'd to please, but pleas'd because the same:
The same by friends caress'd, by foes withstood,
Still unaffected, cheerful, mild, and good.
Behold one pagan, drawn in colours faint,
Outshine ten thousand monks, tho' each a saint!

Here let us fix our foot, hence take our view,
And learn to try false merit by the true.
We see, when reason stagnates in the brain,
The dregs of fancy cloud its purest vein;
But circulation betwixt mind and mind
Extends its course, and renders it refin'd.
When warm with youth we tread the flow'ry way,
All nature charms, and ev'ry scene looks gay;
Each object gratifies each sense in turn,
Whilst now for rattles, now for nymphs we burn;
Enslav'd by friendship's or by love's soft smile,
We ne'er suspect, because we mean no guile:
'Till, flush'd with hope from views of past success,
We lay on some main trifle all our stress;
When lo! the mistress or the friend betrays,
And the whole fancied cheat of life displays:
Stunn'd with an ill that from ourselves arose;
For instinct rul'd, when reason should have chose
We fly for comfort to some lonely scene,
Victims henceforth of dirt, and drink, and spleen.

But let no obstacles, that cross our views,
Pervert our talents from their destin'd use :
For, as upon life's hill we upwards press,
Our views will be obstructed less and less.
Be all false delicacy far away,
Lest it from nature lead us quite astray ;
And for th' imagin'd vice of human race,
Destroy our virtue, or our parts debase :
Since God with reason joins to make us own,
That 'tis not good for man to be alone.

O D E S
O N
SEVERAL SUBJECTS.

B Y
DR. AKINSIDE.

ΠΙΝΔΑΡΟΣ.

ΧΡΙΤΣΟΝ ΕΥΧΟΝΤΑΙ, ΠΕΔΙΟΝ Δ'ΕΤΕΡΟΙ
ΑΠΕΡΑΝΤΟΝ. ΕΤΩ Δ'ΑΣΤΟΙΣ ΑΔΩΝ, ΚΑΙ
ΧΘΟΝΙ ΓΥΙΑ ΚΑΛΥΨΑΙ-
Μ', ΑΙΝΕΩΝ ΑΙΝΗΤΑ, ΜΟΜ-
ΦΑΝ Δ'ΕΠΙΣΠΕΙΡΩΝ ΑΛΙΤΡΟΙΣ.

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O D E S

O N

SEVERAL SUBJECTS.

O D E I.

ALLUSION TO HORACE.

———*Ego, apis Matinae*

More, modoque, &c. Lib. iv. Od. iii.

AMID the garden's fragrance laid,
Where yonder limes behold their shade
Along the glassy stream,
With HORACE and his tuneful ease
I'll rest from crouds, and care's disease,
And summer's piercing beam.

Behold the busy, wand'ring BEE!
From bloom to bloom, from tree to tree.
She sweeps mellifluous dews;
For her the silken gems arise,
For her display their shining dyes,
Their balmy breath diffuse.

28 ODES ON SEVERAL SUBJECTS.

Sweet murmurer! may no rude storm
This pleasurable scene deform.

To check thy gladsome toils;
Still may the buds unfullied spring,
Still show'rs and sunshine court thy wing.
To these ambrosial spoils,

Nor shall my Muse hereafter fail
Her fellow lab'rer thus to hail,
And lucky be the strains!
For long ago did nature frame
Your seasons and your arts the same,
Your pleasures and your pains.

Like thee, in lowly, sylvan scenes,
And river-banks and fruitful greens
Delights my vagrant song;
Nor strives by soaring high in air,
Tho' swans and eagles triumph there,
To draw the giddy throng.

Nor where the raven, where the owl
By night their hateful orgies howl,
Will she her cares employ;
But flies from ruins and from graves,
From ghostly cells and monkish caves
To day-light and to joy.

Nor will she tempt the barren waste;
Nor deigns th' ungrateful stores to taste.

Of any anxious thing;
But leaves with scorn to others' use
The bitter hemlock's baneful juice,
The nettle's sordid sting.

From all which nature fairest knows,
The vernal blooms, the summer rose,
She draws her mingled wealth;
And when the lovely task is done,
She consecrates a double boon,
To pleasure and to health.

O D E II.

ON THE WINTER-SOLSTICE.

M. DCC. XL.

THE radiant ruler of the year
At length his wintry goal attains,
Soon to reverse the long career,
And northward bend his golden reins.
Prone on POTOSI'S haughty brow
His fiery streams incessant flow,
Ripening the silver's ductile stores;
While, in the cavern's horrid shade,
The panting Indian hides his head,
And oft th' approach of eve explores.

But lo, on this deserted coast
How faint the light! how thick the air!
Lo, arm'd with whirlwind, hail and frost,
Fierce winter desolates the year.
The fields resign their chearful bloom;
No more the breezes waft perfume,
No more the warbling waters roll:
Defarts of snow fatigue the eye,
Black storms involve the lowering sky,
And gloomy damps oppress the soul.

Now thro' the town promiscuous throngs
Urge the warm bowl and ruddy fire;
Harmonious dances, festive songs,
To charm the midnight hours conspire.
While mute and shrinking with her fears,
Each blast the cottage-matron hears
As o'er the hearth she sits alone:
At morn her bridegroom went abroad,
The night is dark and deep the road;
She sighs and wishes him at home.

But thou, my lyre, awake, arise,
And hail the sun's remotest ray;
Now, now he climbs the northern skies,
To-morrow nearer than to-day.
Then louder howl the stormy waste,
Be land and ocean worse defac'd,
Yet brighter hours are on the wing;
And fancy thro' the wintry glooms,
All fresh with dews and opening blooms,
Already hails th' emerging spring.

O fountain of the golden day!
Could mortal vows but urge thy speed,
How soon before thy vernal ray
Should each unkindly damp recede!
How soon each hov'ring tempest fly,
That now fermenting loads the sky,

Prompt on our heads to burst amain,
 To rend the forest from the steep,
 Or thund'ring o'er the Baltic deep
 To overwhelm the merchant's hopes of gain!

But let not man's unequal views
 Presume on nature and her laws;
 'Tis his with grateful joy to use
 Th' indulgence of the sov'reign cause;
 Secure that health and beauty springs
 Thro' this majestic frame of things
 Beyond what he can reach to know,
 And that heav'n's all-subduing will,
 With good the progeny of ill,
 Attempts every state below.

How pleasing wears the wintry night,
 Spent with the old illustrious dead!
 While, by the taper's trembling light,
 I seem those awful courts to tread
 Where chiefs and legislators lie,
 Whose triumphs move before my eye
 With every laurel fresh display'd;
 While charm'd I taste th' Ionian song,
 Or bend to PLATO's godlike tongue
 Resounding thro' the olive shade.

But if the gay, well-natur'd friend
 Bids leave the studious page awhile,
 Then easier joys the soul unbend
 And teach the brow a softer smile;

Then while the genial glass is paid
By each to her, that fairest maid,
Whose radiant eyes his hopes obey,
What lucky vows his bosom warm!
While absence heightens every charm,
And love invokes returning MAY.

MAY! thou delight of heav'n and earth,
When will thy happy morn arise?
When the dear place which gave her birth
Restore LUCINDA to my eyes?
There while she walks the wonted grove,
The seat of music and of love,
Bright as the ONE primaeval fair,
Thither, ye silver-sounding lyres,
Thither, gay smiles and young desires,
Chaste hope and mutual faith repair.

And if believing love can read
The wonted softness in her eye,
Then shall my fears, O charming maid,
And every pain of absence die:
Then offer to thy name attun'd,
And rising to diviner sound,
I'll wake the free HORATIAN song:
Old TYNE shall listen to my tale,
And ECHO, down the bord'ring vale,
The liquid melody prolong.

O D E III.

AGAINST SUSPICION.

O FLY! 'tis dire SUSPICION's mien;
And, meditating plagues unseen,
The forc'refs hither bends:
Behold her torch in gall imbrued;
Behold——her garments drop with blood
Of lovers and of friends.

Fly far! already in your eyes
I see a pale suffusion rise;
And soon thro' every vein,
Soon will her secret venom spread,
And all your heart, and all your head
Imbibe the potent stain.

Then come the hours of shame and fear;
Then hints of horror seize your ear;
While gleams of lost delight
Raise the deep discord of the brain,
As light'ning shines along the main
Thro' whirlwinds and thro' night.

No more can faith or candor move;
But each ingenuous deed of love

Which once you would applaud,
Now, smiling o'er her dark distress,
Malignant fancy longs to dress
Like injury and fraud.

Farewel to virtue's peaceful times!
For soon you'll stoop to act the crimes
You thus can stoop to fear:
When vice begins her ugly train
With wrongs of such unmanly stain,
What horrors form the rear!

'Tis thus, to work her baleful pow'r,
SUSPICION waits the fullen hour
Of fretfulness and strife,
When care th' infirmer bosom wrings,
Or EURUS shakes his gloomy wings
To damp the seats of life.

But come, forsake the scene unblest,
Which first beheld your candid breast,
To groundless fears a prey;
Come, where with my prevailing lyre
The skies, the streams, the groves conspire
To charm your doubts away.

Thron'd in the sun's descending car,
What pow'r unseen diffuses far
This tenderness of mind!

What Genius smiles on every flood?
 What God, in whispers from the wood,
 Bids every heart be kind?

O thou, whate'er thy awful name,
 Whose breath awak'd th' immortal flame
 That moves my active veins;
 Thou, who by fair affection's ties
 Hast doubled all my future joys,
 And half disarm'd my pains;

Let universal CANDOUR still,
 Clear as yon heav'n-reflecting rill,
 Preserve my open mind;
 Nor THIS, nor THAT man's crooked views,
 One mean or cruel doubt infuse
 To injure human kind.

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O D E IV.

TO A GENTLEMAN WHOSE MISTRESS HAD MARRIED AN OLD MAN.

I NDEED, my PHAEDRIA, if to find
That gold a female's vow can gain,
If this had e'er disturb'd your mind,
Or cost one ferious moment's pain,
I should have said that all the rules
You learnt of moralists and schools,
Were very useless, very vain.

Yet I perhaps mistake the case;
And tho' with this heroic air,
Like one that holds a nobler chace,
You seem the lady's loss to bear,
Perhaps your heart bely'd your tongue,
And thinks my censure mighty wrong
To count it such a slight affair.

When HESPER gilds the shaded sky,
Slow-wandering thro' the well-known grove,
Methinks I see you cast your eye
Back to the morning-scenes of love:
Her tender look, her graceful way,
The pretty things you heard her say,
Afresh your struggling fancy move.

38 ODES ON SEVERAL SUBJECTS.

Then tell me, is your soul intire?
Does wisdom calmly hold her throne?
Then can you question each desire,
Bid this remain, and that begone?
No tear half-starting from your eye?
No kindling blush you know not why?
No stealing sigh or stifled groan?

Away with this unmanly mood!
See where the hoary churl appears,
Whose hand hath seiz'd the fav'rite good
Which you reserv'd for happier years:
While side by side the blushing maid
Shrinks from his visage half-afraid,
Spite of the sickly joys she wears.

Ye guardian powers of love and fame,
This chaste, harmonious pair behold;
And thus reward the generous flame
Of all who barter vows for gold.
O bloom of youth and opening charms
Well-buried in a dotard's arms!
O worthy price of beauty sold!

Cease then to gaze, unthankful boy;
Let, let her go, the venal fair!
Unworthy she to give you joy;
Then wherefore should she give you care?
Lay, lay your myrtle garland down,
And let the willow's virgin-crown
With happier omens bind your hair.

O just escap'd the faithless main,
Tho' driven unwilling on the land!
To guide your favour'd steps again,
Behold your better genius stand:
Where PLATO's olive courts your eye,
Where HAMDEN's laurel blooms on high,
He lifts his heaven-directed hand.

When these are blended on your brow,
The willow will be nam'd no more;
Or if that love-deserted bough
The pitying, laughing girls deplore,
Yet still shall I most freely swear,
Your dress has much a better air
Than all that ever bridegroom wore.

O D E V.

HYMN TO CHEARFULNESS.

THE AUTHOR SICK.

How thick the shades of evening close!
 How pale the sky with weight of snows!
 Haste, light the tapers, urge the fire,
 And bid the joyless day retire!
 —Alas in vain I try within
 To raise the dull, dejected scene,
 While rous'd by grief these fiery pains
 Tear the frail texture of my veins;
 While winter's voice, that storms around,
 And yon deep death-bell's groaning sound
 Renew my mind's oppressive gloom,
 'Till starting horror shakes the room!

Is there in nature no kind power
 To sooth affliction's lonely hour?
 To blunt the edge of dire disease,
 And teach these wintry shades to please?
 Come, CHEARFULNESS, triumphant fair,
 Shine thro' the painful cloud of care;
 O sweet of language, mild of mien,
 O virtue's friend and pleasure's queen!
 Aswage the flames that burn my breast,
 Attune my jarring thoughts to rest;

And while thy gracious gifts I feel,
My song shall all thy praise reveal.

As once ('twas in **ASTRAEA**'s reign)
The vernal powers renew'd their train.
It happen'd that immortal **LOVE**
Was ranging thro' the spheres above,
And downward hither cast his eye
The year's returning pomp to spy,
He saw the radiant God of day
Lead round the globe the rosy **MAY**;
The fragrant **AIRS** and genial **HOURS**
Were shedding round him dews and flowers;
Before his wheels **AURORA** past,
And **HESPER**'s golden lamp was last.
But, fairest of the blooming throng,
When **HEALTH** majestic mov'd along
All gay with smiles, to see below
The joys which from her presence flow,
While earth inliven'd hears her voice,
And fields, and flocks, and swains rejoice;
Then mighty **LOVE** her charms confess'd,
And soon his vows inclin'd her breast,
And, known from that auspicious morn,
The pleasing **CHEARFULNESS** was born.

Thou, **CHEARFULNESS**, by heaven design'd
To rule the pulse that moves the mind,
Whatever fretful passion springs,
Whatever chance or nature brings

To strain the tuneful poize within,
And disarrange the sweet machine,
Thou, goddess, with a master-hand
Dost each attemper'd key command,
Refine the soft and swell the strong,
Till all is concord, all is song.

Fair guardian of domestic life,
Best banisher of home-bred strife,
Nor sullen lip, nor taunting eye
Deform the scene where thou art by:
No sickening husband damns the hour
That bound his joys to female power;
No pining mother weeps the cares
That parents waste on hopeless heirs:
Th' officious daughters pleas'd attend;
The brother rises to the friend:
By thee their board with flowers is crown'd,
By thee with songs their walks resound,
By thee their sprightly mornings shine,
And evening-hours in peace decline.

Behold the youth, whose trembling heart
Beats high with love's unpitied smart;
Tho' now he strays by rills and bowers,
And weeping wears the lonely hours,
Or, if the nymph her audience deign,
Shames the soft story of his pain
With slavish looks, discolour'd eyes,
And accents faltering into sighs;

Yet thou, auspicious power, with ease,
Can'st yield him happier arts to please,
Exalt his mien to manlier charms,
Instruct his tongue with nobler arms,
With more commanding passion move,
And teach the dignity of love.

Friend to the Muse and all her train,
For thee I court the Muse again;
And may the motive lay disclose
How much to thy fair aid she owes!
See, when thy touch reveals her mine,
How pure the stores of fancy shine!
Hark, when thy breath her song impells,
How full the tuneful current swells
Let melancholy's plaintive tongue
Instruct the nightly strains of Y——;
But thine was HOMER's ancient might,
And thine victorious PINDAR's flight:
Thy myrtles crown'd the * Lesbian meads;
Thy voice awak'd † Sicilian reeds;
Thy breath perfumes the ‡ Teian rose,
And Tibur's vine spontaneous flows
While HORACE wantons in thy quire;
The Gods and heroes of the lyre.

* ALCAEUS and SAPPHO.

† THEOCRITUS.

‡ ANACREON.

See where the pale, the sickening sage
(A prey perhaps to fortune's rage,
Perhaps by tender griefs oppress'd,
Or glooms congenial to his breast)
Retires in desert-scenes to dwell,
And bids the joyless world farewell.
Alone he treads th' autumnal shade,
Alone beneath the mountain laid,
He sees the nightly damps arise,
And gathering storms involve the skies;
He hears the neighb'ring surges roll,
And raging thunders shake the pole;
Then, struck by every object round,
And stunn'd by every horrid sound,
He pants to traverse nature's ways:
His evils haunt him thro' the maze:
He veiw's ten thousand daemons rise
To wield the empire of the skies,
And chance and fate assume the rod,
And malice blots the throne of God.
—O thou, whose pleasing power I sing!
Thy lenient influence hither bring;
Compose the storm, dispell the gloom,
Till nature wear her wonted bloom,
Till fields and shades their sweets exhale,
And music swell each opening gale:
Then o'er his breast thy softness pour,
And let him learn the timely hour

To trace the world's benignant laws,
And judge of that presiding cause
Who founds in discord beauty's reign,
Converts to pleasure every pain,
Subdues the hostile forms to rest,
And bids the universe be blest.

O thou, whose pleasing power to sing!
If right I touch the votive string,
If equal praise I yield thy name,
Still govern thou thy poet's flame;
Still with the Muse my bosom share,
And sooth to peace corroding care.
But most exert thy genial power
On friendship's consecrated hour;
And while my AGES leads the road
To fearless wisdom's high abode,
Or, warm in freedom's sacred cause,
Pursues the light of Graecian laws,
Attend, and grace our gen'rous toils
With all thy garlands, all thy smiles.
But if, by fortune's stubborn sway,
From him and friendship torn away,
I court the muse's healing spell
For griefs that still with absence dwell,
Do thou conduct my fancy's dreams
To such indulgent, tender themes
As just the struggling breast may chear,
And just suspend the starting tear,
Yet leave that charming sense of woe,
Which none but friends and lovers know.

O D E VI.

ON THE ABSENCE OF THE POETIC INCLINATION.

QUEEN of my songs, harmonious maid,
 Why, why hast thou withdrawn thy aid?
 Why thus forsook my widow'd breast,
 With dark infeebling damps oppress'd?
 Where is the bold prophetic heat,
 With which my bosom wont to beat?
 Where all the bright mysterious dreams,
 Of haunted shades and tuneful streams,
 That woo'd my genius to divinest themes?

Say, can the purple charms of wine,
 Or young DIONE's form divine,
 Or flattering scenes of promis'd fame
 Relume thy faint, thy dying flame?
 Have soft, melodious airs the power
 To give one free, poetic hour?
 Or, from amid th' Elysian train,
 The soul of MILTON shall I gain,
 To win thee back with some coelestial strain?

O mighty mind! O sacred flame!
 My spirit kindles at his name;
 Again my lab'ring bosom burns;
 The Muse, th' inspiring Muse returns!

Such on the banks of TYNE confest,
I hail'd the bright, ethereal guest,
When first she seal'd me for her own,
Made all her blissful treasures known,
And bade me swear to follow HER alone.

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O D E VII.

TO A FRIEND, ON THE HAZARD OF FALLING
IN LOVE.

NO, foolish boy—To virtuous fame
If now thy early hopes be vow'd,
If true ambition's nobler flame
Command thy footsteps from the croud,
Lean not to Love's enchanting snare;
His dances, his delights beware,
Nor mingle in the band of young and fair.

By thought, by dangers, and by toils,
The wreath of just renown is worn;
Nor will ambition's awful spoils
The flowery pomp of ease adorn:
But Love dissolves the nerve of thought;
By Love unmanly fears are taught;
And Love's reward with slothful arts is bought.

True, where the Muses, where the powers
Of softer wisdom, easier wit,
Assist the Graces and the Hours
To render beauty's praise compleat,
The fair may then perhaps impart
Each finer sense, each winning art,
And more than schools adorn the manly heart.

If then, from Love's deceit secure,
Such bliss be all thy heart intends,
Go, where the white-wing'd evening-hour
On DELIA's vernal walk descends:-
Go, while the pleasing, peaceful scene
Becomes her voice, becomes her mien,
Sweet as her smiles, and as her brow serene.

Attend, while that harmonious tongue
Each bosom, each desire commands;
Apollo's lute by Hermes strung
And touch'd by chaste Minerva's hands,
Attend. I feel a force divine,
O DELIA, win my thoughts to thine,
That half thy graces seem already mine.

Yet conscious of the dangerous charm,
Soon would I turn my steps away;
Nor oft provoke the lovely harm,
Nor once relax my reason's sway.
But thou, my friend—What sudden sighs?
What means the blush that comes and flies?
Why stop? why silent? why avert thy eyes?

So soon again to meet the fair?
So pensive all this absent hour?
—O yet, unlucky youth, beware,
While yet to think is in thy power.

In vain with friendship's flattering name
Thy passion masks its inward shame:
Friendship, the treacherous fuel of thy flame!

Once, I remember, tir'd of love,
I spurn'd his hard, tyrannic chain,
Yet won the haughty fair to prove
What sober joys in friendship reign.
No more I sigh'd, complain'd, or swore;
The nymph's coy arts appear'd no more,
But each could laugh at what we felt before.

Well-pleas'd we pass'd the chearful day,
To unreserv'd discourse resign'd,
And I enchanted to survey
One generous woman's real mind:
But soon I wonder'd what possess'd
Each wakeful night my anxious breast;
No other friendship e'er had broke my rest!

Fool that I was—and now, even now
While thus I preach the Stoic strain,
Unless I shun DIONE's view,
An hour unsays it all again.
O friend!—when Love directs her eyes
To pierce where every passion lies,
Where is the firm, the cautious, or the wise?

O D E VIII.

ON LEAVING HOLLAND.

ADIEU to LEYDEN's lonely bound,
The BELGIAN muse's sober seat;
Where shedding frugal gifts around
On all the fav'rites at her feet,
She feeds the body's bulky frame
For passive, persevering toils;
And lest, for some ambitious aim,
The daring mind should scorn her homely spoils,
She breathes maternal fogs to damp its restless flame.

Adieu the grave, pacific air,
Safe from the flitting mountain-breeze;
The marshy levels lank and bare,
Sacred from furrows, hills or trees;
Adieu each mantling, fragrant flood,
Untaught to murmur or to flow:
Adieu the * music of the mud,
That soothes at eve the patient lover's woe,
And wakes to sprightlier thoughts the painful poet's
blood.

* The Frogs.

With looks so frosty, and with steps so tame,
 Ye careful nymphs, ye household things, adieu;
 Not once ye taught me love's or friendship's flame,
 And where is he that ever taught it you?
 And ye, the slow-ey'd fathers of the land,
 With whom dominion lurks from hand to hand,
 Unown'd, undignify'd by public choice,
 I go where freedom in the streets is known,
 And tells a monarch on his throne,
 Tells him he reigns, he lives but by her voice.

O native ALBION, when to thee
 Shall I return to part no more?
 Far from this pale, discolour'd sea,
 That sleeps upon the reedy shore,
 When shall I plow thy azure tides,
 And, as thy fleece-white hills aspire,
 Bless the fair shade that on their sides
 Imbowers the village and the sacred spire,
 While the green hedge, below, the golden slope divides?

Ye nymphs that guard the pathless grove,
 Ye blue-ey'd sisters of the streams,
 With whom I wont at morn to rove,
 With whom at noon I talk'd in dreams;
 O take me to your haunts again,
 The rocky spring, the greenwood glade;
 To prompt my slumbers in the murm'ring shade,
 And sooth my vacant ear with many an airy strain.

And thou, my faithful harp, no longer mourn
 Thy drooping master's unpropitious hand;
 Now brighter skies and fresher gales return,
 Now fairer maids thy melody demand.
 Daughters of ALBION, guard your votive lyre!
 O blooming God of Thespia's laurell'd quire
 Why sounds not mine harmonious as thy own,
 When all the virgin-deities above

With Venus and with Juno move
 In concert round thy listening father's throne?

Thee too, protectress of my lays,
 Elate with whose majestic call
 Above the soft Italian's praise,
 Above the slavish wreaths of Gaul,
 I dare from impious thrones reclaim,
 And wanton sloth's luxurious charms,
 The honours of a poet's name

To * ASHLEY's wisdom, or to HAMDEN's arms,
 Thee, Freedom, I rejoin, and bless thy genuine flame.

Great citizen of Albion! thee
 Heroic valour still attends,
 And useful science pleas'd to see
 How art her studious toil extends.

* The Earl of SHAFTESBURY.

While truth, diffusing from on high
A lustre unconfin'd as day,
Fills and commands the public eye,
Till, pierc'd and sinking by her powerful ray,
Tame sloth and monkish awe, like nightly daemons, fly.

Hence all the land the patriot's ardour shares;
Hence dread religion smiles with social joy;
Hence the free bosom's softest, loveliest cares,
Each graceful scene of private life employ.
O fair BRITANNIA, hail!—with partial love
The tribes of men their native seats approve,
Unjust and hostile to a foreign fame;
But when from generous minds and manly laws
A nation holds her prime applause,
There public zeal defies the test of blame.

O D E IX.

T O S L E E P.

THOU silent power, whose balmy sway
Charms every anxious thought away;
In whose divine oblivion drown'd,
Fatigue and toiling pain grow mild,
Love is with sweet success beguil'd,
And sad remorse forgets her secret wound;
O whither hast thou flown, indulgent God?
God of kind shadows and of healing dews,
O'er whom dost thou extend thy magic rod?
Around what peaceful couch thy opiate airs diffuse?

Lo, midnight from her starry reign
Looks awful down on earth and main.
The tuneful birds lie hush'd in sleep,
With all that crop the verdant food,
With all that skim the crystal flood,
Or haunt the caverns of the rocky steep.
No rushing winds disturb the tufted bowers;
No wakeful sound the moonlight valley knows,
Save where the brook its liquid murmur pours,
And lulls the waving scene to more profound repose.

O let not me thus watch alone!
O hear my solitary moan!

Descend, propitious, on my eyes;
 Not from the couch that bears a crown,
 Not from the statesman's thorny down,
 Or where the miser and his treasure lies:
 Bring not the shapes that break the murderer's rest;
 Nor those the hireling soldier burns to see,
 Nor those that haunt the tyrant's gloomy breast:
 Far be their guilty nights, and far their dreams from me!

Nor yet those awful joys present,
 For chiefs and heroes only meant:
 The figur'd brass, the choral song,
 The rescued people's glad applause,
 The listening senate, and the laws
 Bent on the dictates of * TIMOLEON's tongue,
 Are scenes too grand for fortune's private ways;
 And tho' they shine to youth's ingenuous view,
 The sober gainful arts of modern days,
 To such romantic thoughts have bid a long adieu.

Blest be my fate! I need not pray
 That love-sick dreams be kept away:
 No female charms, of fancy born,
 Nor damask cheek, nor sparkling eye,
 With me the bands of sleep untie,
 Or steal by minutes half the sauntering morn.

* After Timoleon had deliver'd Syracuse from the tyranny of Dionysius, the people on every important deliberation sent for him into the public assembly, ask'd his advice, and voted according to his decision. PLUT.

Nor yet the courtier's hope, the giving smile,
(A lighter phantom and a baser chain)
Bids wealth and place the fever'd night beguile,
To gall my waking hours with more vexatious pain.

But, Morpheus, on thy dewy wing
Such fair auspicious visions bring,
As sooth'd great MILTON's injur'd age,
When in prophetic dreams he saw
The tribes unborn with pious awe
Imbibe each virtue from his heavenly page:
Or such as MEAD's benignant fancy knows,
When health's kind treasures, by his art explor'd,
Have sav'd the infant from an orphan's woes,
Or to the trembling sire his age's hope restor'd.

O D E X.

O N L Y R I C P O E T R Y.

ONCE more I join the Thespian quire,
 And taste th' inspiring fount again:
 O parent of the Graecian lyre,
 Admit me to thy secret strain—
 And lo! with ease my step invades
 The pathless vale and opening shades
 Till now I spy her verdant seat,
 And now at large I drink the sound,
 While these her offspring, listening round,
 By turns her melody repeat.

I see ANACREON smile and sing:
 His silver tresses breathe perfume;
 His cheek displays a second spring
 Of roses taught by wine to bloom.
 Away, deceitful cares, away!
 And let me listen to his lay,
 While flowery dreams my soul employ;
 While turtle-wing'd the laughing hours
 Lead hand and hand the festal powers,
 Lead youth and love, and harmless joy.

Broke from the fetters of his native land,
Devoting shame and vengeance to her lords,
With louder impulse and a threatening hand,
The * Lesbian patriot smites the sounding chords:
Ye wretches, ye perfidious train,
Ye curst of gods and freeborn men,
Ye murderers of the laws,
Tho' now you glory in your lust,
Tho' now you tread the feeble neck in dust,
Yet time and righteous Jove will judge your dreadful
cause.

But lo, to SAPPHO's mournful airs
Descends the radiant queen of love;
She smiles, and asks what fonder cares
Her suppliant's plaintive measures move:
Why is my faithful maid distressed?
Who, SAPPHO, wounds thy tender breast?
Say, flies he?—Soon he shall pursue:
Shuns he thy gifts?—He too shall give:
Slights he thy sorrows?—He shall grieve;
And bend him to thy haughtiest vow.

But, O MELPOMENE, for whom
Awakes thy golden shell again?
What mortal breath shall e'er presume
To echo that unbounded strain?

* ALCAEUS of Mitylene, the capital of Lesbos, who

60 ODES ON SEVERAL SUBJECTS.

Majestic in the frown of years,
Behold, the * man of Thebes appears :
For some there are, whose mighty frame
The hand of Jove at birth indow'd
With hopes that mock the gazing crowd;
As eagles drink the noontide flame :

While the dim raven beats his weary wings,
And clamours far below.—Propitious muse,
While I so late unlock thy hallow'd springs,
And breathe whate'er thy ancient airs infuse,
To polish Albion's warlike ear
This long-lost melody to hear,
Thy sweetest arts employ;
As when the winds from shore to shore,
Thro' Greece thy lyre's persuasive language bore,
Till towns, and isles, and seas return'd the vocal joy.

But oft amid the Graecian throng,
The loose-rob'd forms of wild desire
With lawless notes intun'd thy song,
To shameful steps dissolv'd thy quire.
O fair, O chaste, be still with me
From such profaner discord free:

fled from his native city to escape the oppression of those
who had enslav'd it, and wrote against them in his exile
those noble investives which are so much applauded by
the ancient critics.

* PINDAR.

While I frequent thy tuneful shade,
No frantic shouts of Thracian dames,
No Satyrs fierce with savage flames
Thy pleasing accents shall invade.

Queen of the lyre, in thy retreat
The fairest flowers of Pindus glow;
The vine aspires to crown thy seat,
And myrtles round thy laurel grow.
Thy strings attune their varied strain
To every pleasure, every pain,
Which mortal tribes were born to prove,
And strait our passions rise or fall,
As at the wind's imperious call
The ocean swells, the billows move.

When midnight listens o'er the slumbering earth,
Let me, O muse, thy solemn whispers hear:
When morning sends her fragrant breezes forth,
With airy murmurs touch my opening ear.
And ever watchful at thy side,
Let wisdom's awful suffrage guide
The tenour of thy lay:
To her of old by Jove was given
To judge the various deeds of earth and heaven;
'Twas thine by gentle arts to win us to her sway.

Oft as from stricter hours resign'd
I quit the maze where science toils,
Do thou refresh my yielding mind
With all thy gay, delusive spoils.
But, O indulgent, come not nigh
The busy steps, the jealous eye
Of gainful care and wealthy age,
Whose barren souls thy joys disdain,
And hold as foes to reason's reign
Whome'er thy lovely haunts engage.

With me, when mirth's consenting band
Around fair friendship's genial board
Invite thy heart-awakening hand,
With me salute the Teian chord.
Or if invok'd at softer hours,
O seek with me the happy bowers
That hear DIONE's gentle tongue;
To beauty link'd with virtue's train,
To love devoid of jealous pain,
There let the Sapphic lute be strung.

But when from envy and from death to claim
A hero bleeding for his native land;
Or when to nourish freedom's vestal flame,
I heard my genius utter his command,
Nor Theban voice, nor Lesbian lyre
From thee, O muse, do I require,

While my prophetic mind,
Conscious of powers she never knew,
Astonish'd grasps at things beyond her view,
Nor by another's fate hath felt her own confin'd.

T H E E N D.

8 MA 64

PASTORALS

B Y

MR. AMBROSE PHILIPS.

Nostra nec erubuit Silvas habitare Thalia.

Virg. Ecl. 6.

G L A S G O W:

PRINTED BY ANDREW FOULIS,

M.DCC.LXIXIII.



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P R E F A C E.

IT is strange to think, in an age so addicted to the Muses, how *pastoral poetry* comes to be never so much as thought upon; considering especially, that it has always been accounted the most considerable of the smaller poems: Virgil and Spencer made use of it as a prelude to *heroic poetry*. But I fear the innocence of the subject makes it so little inviting at present.

There is no sort of poetry, if well wrought, but gives delight. And the *pastoral* perhaps may boast of this in a peculiar manner. For, as in painting, so I believe, in poetry, the country affords the most entertaining scenes, and most delightful prospects.

Gassendus, I remember, tells us, that Piereskus was a great lover of music, especially that of birds; because their artless strains seem to have less of passion and violence, but more of a natural easiness, and therefore do the rather befriend contemplation. It is after the same manner that Pastoral gives a sweet and gentle composure to the mind; whereas the Epic and Tragic poem put the spirits in too great a ferment by the vehemence of their motions.

To see a stately, well-built palace strikes us, indeed, with admiration, and swells the soul, as it were, with notions of grandeur. But when I view a little

country dwelling, advantageously situated amidst a beautiful variety of fields, woods, and rivers, I feel an unspeakable kind of satisfaction, and cannot forbear wishing, that my good fortune would place me in so sweet a retirement.

Theocritus, Virgil, and Spencer, are the only writers, that seem to have hit upon the true nature of Pastoral poems; So that it will be honour sufficient for me, if I have not altogether fail'd in my attempt.

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T H E
F I R S T P A S T O R A L :

L O B B I N .

I F we, O Dorset, quit the city throng
To meditate in shades the rural song
By your commands; be present: and, O, bring
The muse along! the muse to you shall sing.
Begin—a shepherd boy, one evening fair,
As western winds had cool'd the sultry air,
When as his sheep within their fold were pent,
Thus plain'd him of his dreary discontent;
So pitiful, that all the starry throng
Attentive seem'd to hear his mournful song.

Ah well a day! how long must I endure
This pining pain? or who shall work my cure?
Fond love no cure will have; seeks no repose;
Delights in grief; nor any measure knows.
And now the moon begins in clouds to rise;
The twinkling stars are lighted in the skies;
The winds are hush'd; the dews distil; and sleep
With soft embrace has seiz'd my weary sheep,
I only, with the prouling wolf, constrain'd
All night to waste. With hunger is he pain'd,
And I with love. His hunger he may tame:
But who in love can stop the growing flame?

Whilome did I, all as this pop'lar fair,
 Up-raise my heedless head, devoid of care,
 'Mong rustic routs the chief for wanton game;
 Nor could they merry make 'till Lobbin came.
 Who better seen, than I, in shepherds arts,
 To please the lads and win the lasses hearts?
 How deffly to mine oaten reed so sweet,
 Wont they, upon the green, to shift their feet?
 And, when the dance was done, how would they yearn
 Some well-devised tales from me to learn?
 For, many songs and tales of mirth had I,
 To chace the lingering sun adown the sky.
 But, ah! since Lucy coy has wrought her spite
 Within my heart; unmindful of delight,
 The jolly grooms I fly; and all alone
 To rocks and woods pour forth my fruitless moan.

Oh quit thy wonted scorn, relentless fair!
 E're, lingering long, I perish thro' despair.
 Had Rosalind been mistress of my mind,
 Tho' not so fair, she would have been more kind.
 O think, unwitting maid, while yet is time,
 How flying years impair our youthful prime!
 Thy virgin bloom will not for ever stay;
 And flowers, tho' left ungather'd, will decay.
 The flowers a new returning seasons bring;
 But beauty faded has no second spring.

My words are wind! she, deaf to all my cries,
 Takes pleasure in the mischief of her eyes.
 Like frisking heifers, loose in flowery meads,
 She gads where-e'er her roving fancy leads;

Yet still from me. Ah me, the tiresome chace!
While, wing'd with scorn, she flies my fond embrace.
She flies indeed: but ever leaves behind,
Fly where she will, her likeness in my mind.
Ah turn thee then! unthinking damsel! why,
Thus from the youth, who lovesthee, should'st thou fly?
No cruel purpose in my speed I bear:
'Tis all but love; and love why should'st thou fear?
What idle fears a maiden breast alarm!
Stay, simple girl! a lover cannot harm.

Two kidlings, sportive as thy self, I rear;
Like tender buds their shooting horns appear.
A lambkin too, pure white, I breed, as tame,
As my fond heart could wish my scornful dame.
A garland, deck'd with all the pride of May,
Sweet as thy breath, and as thy beauty gay,
I'll weave. But why these unavailing pains?
The gifts alike, and giver she disdains.

O would my gifts but win her wanton heart!
O could I half the warmth I feel impart!
How would I wander every day to find
The ruddy wildings! were but Lucy kind,
For grossy plumbs I'd climb the knotty tree,
And of fresh honey rob the thrifty bee:
Or if thou deign to live a shepherdess,
Thou Lobbin's flock, and Lobbin shalt possess.
Fair is my flock; nor yet uncomely I,
If liquid fountains flatter not: and why
Should liquid fountains flatter us? yet show
The bordering flowers less beauteous than they grow.

O come, my love! nor think th' employment mean,
The dams to milk, and little lambkins wean;
To drive a-field by morn the fat'ning ewes,
E're the warm sun drinks up the coolly dew.
How would the crook beseem the beauteous hand!
How would my younglins! round thee gazing stand!
Ah witless younglins! gaze not on her eye,
Such heedless glances are the cause I die.
Nor trow I when this bitter blast will end;
Or if kind love will ever me befriend.
Sleep, sleep, my flock; for happy you may take
Your rest, tho' nightly thus your master wake.

Now, to the waining moon, the nightingale
In doleful ditties told her piteous tale.
The love-sick shepherd-listening found relief,
Pleas'd with so sweet a partner in his grief:
Till by degrees her notes and silent night
To slumbers soft his heavy heart invite.

can,
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nd!

T H E
S E C O N D P A S T O R A L.

T H E N O T. C O L I N E T.

T H E N O T.

THY cloudy looks why melting thus in tears,
Unseemly, now that heaven so blithe appears?
Why in this mournful manner art thou found,
Unthankful lad, when all things smile around?
Hear how the lark and linnet jointly sing!
Their notes soft-warb'ling to the gladsome spring.

C O L I N E T.

Tho' soft their notes, not so my wayward fate:
Nor lark would sing, nor linnet in my state.
Each creature to his proper task is born;
As they to mirth and music, I to mourn.
Waking, at midnight, I my woes renew,
And with my tears increase the falling dew.

T H E N O T.

Small cause, I ween, has lusty youth to plain;
Or who may then the weight of age sustain,
When, as our waining strength does daily cease,
The tiresome burthen doubles its increase?
Yet tho' with years my body downwards tend,
As trees beneath their fruit in autumn bend;

My mind a chearful temper still retains,
 Spite of my snowy head and icy veins:
 For, why should man at crosse mishaps repine,
 Sour all his sweet, and mix with tears his wine?
 But speak: for much it may relieve thy woe
 To let a friend thy inward ailment know.

C O L I N E T.

'Twill idly waste thee, Thenot, a whole day,
 Should'st thou give ear to all my grief can say.
 Thy ewes will wander, and thy heedless lambs
 With loud complaints require their absent dams.

T H E N O T.

There's Lightfoot, he shall tend them close; and I,
 'Twixt whiles, a-crosse the plain will glance mine eye.

C O L I N E T.

Where to begin I know not, where to end:
 Scarce does one smiling hour my youth attend.
 Tho' few my days, as my own follies show,
 Yet all those days are clouded o'er with woe:
 No gleam of happy sun-shine does appear,
 My lowering sky, and wintry days, to chear,
 My piteous plight, in yonder naked tree,
 That bears the thunder fear, too well I see:
 Quite destitute it stands of shelter kind,
 The mark of storms and sport of every wind:
 Its riven trunk feels not th' approach of spring,
 Nor any birds among the branches sing.
 No more beneath thy shade shall shepherds throng
 With merry tale, or pipe, or pleasing song.

Unhappy tree! and more unhappy I!
From thee, from me, alike the shepherds fly.

THE NOT.

Sure thou in some ill-chosen hour wast born.
When blighting mildews spoil the rising corn;
Or when the moon, by witchcraft charm'd, foreshows
Thro' sad eclipse a various train of woes.
Untimely born, ill luck betides thee still.

COLINET.

And can there, Thenot, be a greater ill?

THE NOT.

Nor wolf, nor fox, nor rot, amongst our sheep;
From these the shepherd's care his flock may keep:
Against ill luck all cunning foresight fails;
Whether we sleep or wake, it nought avails.

COLINET.

Ah me the while! ah me the luckless day!
Ah luckless lad! the rather might I say.
Unhappy hour! when first, in youthful bud,
I left the fair Sabrina's silver flood:
Ah silly I! more silly than my sheep,
Which on thy flow'ry banks I once did keep.
Sweet are thy banks! oh when shall I once more
With longing eyes review thy flow'ry shore?
When, in the crystal of thy water, see
My face, grown wan thro' care and misery?
When shall I see my hut, the small abode
My self had rais'd and cover'd o'er with sod?
Tho' small it be, a mean and humble cell,
Yet is there room for peace and me to dwell.

T H E N O T.

And what the cause that drew thee first away?
From thy lov'd home what tempted thee to stray?

C O L I N E T.

A lewd desire strange lands and swains to know:
Ah God! that ever I should covet woe!
With wand'ring feet unblest'd and fond of fame,
I fought I know not what, besides a name.

T H E N O T.

Or, sooth to say, did thou not hither roam
In hopes of wealth, thou cou'd'st not find at home?
A rolling stone is ever bare of moss;
And, to their cost, green years old proverbs cross.

C O L I N E T.

Small need there was, in flatt'ring hopes of gain,
To drive my pining flock athwart the plain
To distant Cam: fine gain at length, I trow,
To hoard up to my self such deal of woe!
My sheep quite spent thro' travel and ill fare,
And, like their keeper, ragged grow and bare:
Here, on cold earth to make my nightly bed,
And on a bending willow rest my head.
'Tis hard to bear the pinching cold with pain,
And hard is want to the unpractis'd swain:
But neither want, nor pinching cold is hard,
To blasting storms of calumny compar'd:
Unkind as hail it falls, whose pelting show'rs
Destroy the tender herb and budding flow'rs.

T H E N O T.

Slander, we shepherds count the greatest wrong;
For, what wounds forer that an evil tongue?

C O L I N E T.

Untoward lads, who pleasure take in spite,
Make mock of all the ditties I endite.
In vain, O Colinet, thy pipe, so shrill,
Charms ev'ry vale, and gladdens ev'ry hill:
In vain thou seek'st the cov'rings of the grove,
In the cool shades to sing the heats of love:
No passion, but rank envy, canst thou move.
Singing what thou wilt, ill nature will prevail;
And ev'ry elf has skill enough to rail.

But yet, tho' poor and artless is my vein,
Menalcas seems to like my simple strain;
And long as he is pleas'd to hear my song,
That to Menalcas does of right belong;
Nor night, nor day, shall my rude music cease;
I ask no more, so I Menalcas please.

T H E N O T.

Menalcas, lord of all the neighb'ring plains,
Preserves the sheep, and o'er the shepherds reigns.
For him our yearly wakes and feasts we hold,
And chuse the fattest firstling from the fold.
He, good to all, that good deserve, shall give
Thy flock to feed, and thee at ease to live,
Shall curb the malice of unbridled tongues,
And with due praise reward thy rural songs.

C O L I N E T.

First then shall lightsome birds forget to fly,
The briny ocean turn to pastures dry,
And ev'ry rapid river cease to flow,
E're I unmindful of Menalcas grow.

T H E N O T.

This night thy cares with me forget; and fold
Thy flock with mine, toward th' injurious cold.
Sweet milk and clotted cream, soft cheese and curd,
With some remaining fruit of last year's hoard,
Shall be our ev'ning fare: and for the night,
Sweet herbs and moss, that gentle sleep invite.
And now behold the sun's departing ray
O'er yonder hill, the sign of ebbing day.
With songs the jovial hinds return from plow,
And unyoak'd heifers, pacing homeward, low.

T H E

T H I R D P A S T O R A L :

A L B I N O.

rd, **W**HEN Virgil thought no shame the Dorick reed
To tune, and flocks on Mantuan plains to feed,
With young Augustus name he grac'd his song;
And Spencer, when amidst the rural throng
He carol'd sweet, and graz'd along the flood
Of gentle Thames, made ev'ry sounding wood
With good Eliza's name to ring around;
Eliza's name on ev'ry tree was found.
Since then, thro' Anna's cares at ease we live,
And see our cattle in full pastures thrive;
Like them will I my slender music raise,
And teach the vocal vallies Anna's praise.
Mean time on oated pipe a lowly lay,
While my kids bronze, obscure in shades I play:
Yet not obscure, while Dorset thinks not scorn
To visit woods, and swains ignobly born.

Two country swains, both musical, both young,
In friendship's mutual bonds united long,
Retir'd within a mossy cave, to shun
The croud of shepherds, and the noon-day sun,
A melancholy thought possess'd their mind:
Revolving now the solemn day they find,

When young Albino dy'd. His image dear
Bedews their cheek with many a trickling tear;
To tears they add the tribute of their verse;
These Angelot, those Palin did rehearse.

A N G E L O T.

Thus yearly circling by past times return;
And yearly thus Albino's fate we mourn:
Albino's fate was early, short his stay;
How sweet the rose! how speedy the decay!

Can we forget how ev'ry creature moan'd,
And sympathizing rocks in echo groan'd,
Prefaging future woe, when, for our crimes,
We lost Albino, pledge of peaceful times?
The pride of Britain, and the darling joy
Of all the plains and ev'ry shepherd boy.
No joyous pipe was heard, no flocks were seen,
Nor shepherds found upon the grassy green;
No cattle graz'd the field, nor drunk the flood,
No birds were heard to warble thro' the wood.

In yonder gloomy grove stretcht out he lay,
His beauteous limbs upon the dampy clay,
The roses on his pallid cheeks decay'd,
And o'er his lips a livid hue display'd:
Bleating around him lye his pensive sheep,
And mourning shepherds came in crouds to weep;
The pious mother comes, with grief oppress'd;
Ye, conscious trees and fountains can attest
With what sad accents, and what moving cries
She fill'd the grove, and importun'd the skies,
And ev'ry star upbraided with his death,
When in her widow'd arms, devoid of breath,

She clasp'd her son. Nor did the nymph for this
Place in her dearling's welfare all her bliss,
And teach him young the sylvan crook to wield,
And rule the peaceful empire of the field.

As milk-white swans on silver streams do show,
And silver streams to grace the meadows flow;
As corn the vales, and trees the hills adorn,
So thou to thine an ornament was born.
Since thou, delicious youth, didst quit the plains,
Th' ungrateful ground we till with fruitless pains;
In labour'd furrows sow the choice of wheat:
And over empty sheaves in harvest sweat:
A thin increase our wholly substance yield,
And thorns and thistles overspread the field.

How all our hopes are fled, like morning dew!
And we but in our thoughts thy manhood view.
Who now shall teach the pointed spear to throw,
To whirl the sling, and bend the stubborn bow?
Nor dost thou live to bliss thy mothers days,
And share the sacred honours of her praise:
In foreign fields to purchase endless fame,
And add new glories to the British name.

O peaceful may thy gentle spirit rest!
And flow'ry turf lie light upon thy breast;
Nor shrieking owl, nor bat fly round thy tomb,
Nor midnight fairies there to revel come.

P A L I N.

No more, mistaken Angelot, complain;
Albino lives, and all our tears are vain.

And now the royal nymph, who bore him, deigns
To blifs the fields, and rule the fimple fwains,
While from above propitious he looks down.
For this the golden skies no longer frown,
The planets fhine indulgent on our ifle,
And rural pleasure round about us fmile.
Hills, dales and woods with fhripping pipes refound;
The boys and virgins dance with garlands crown'd,
And hail Albino blest: the vallies ring
Albino blest: O now! if ever, bring
The laurel green, the fmelling eglantine,
And tender branches from the mantling vine,
The dewy cowflip, that in meadow grows,
The fountain violet and garden rofe:
Your hamlets ftrew, and ev'ry public way,
And consecrate to mirth Albino's day.
My felf will lavish all my little ftore,
And deal about the goblet, flowing o'er:
Old Moulin there fhall harp, young Mico fing,
And Cuddy dance the round amidft the ring,
And Hobbinol his antic gambols play.
To thee thefe honours yearly will we pay,
When we our fhearing feaft and harveft keep,
To fpeed the plow, and blefs our thriving fheep.
While mallow kids and endive lambs purfue;
While bees love thyme, and locufts fip the dew;
While birds delight in woods their notes to ftain,
Thy name and fweet memorial fhall remain.

ns

T H E

FOURTH PASTORAL.

d;
d,

MICO. ARGOL.

MICO.

THIS place may seem for shepherds leisure made,
So lovingly these elms unite their head.
Th' ambitious woodbine, how it climbs, to breathe
Its balmy sweats around on all beneath!
The ground with grass of cheerful green bespread,
Thro' which the springing flow'r up-rears its head.
Lo here the king-cup of a golden hue,
Medly'd with daisies white, and endive blue,
Hark how the gaudy gold-finch, and the thrush,
With tuneful warblings fill that bramble bush!
In pleasing comforts all the birds combine,
And tempt us in the various song to join.
Up, Argol, then; and to thy lip apply
Thy mellow pipe, or vocal music try:
And, since our ewes have graz'd, no harm, if they
Lie round and listen, while their lambkins play.

A R G O L.

1,

The place indeed gives pleasure to the eye;
And pleasure works the singer's fancy high:
The fields breathe sweet; and now the gentle breeze
Moves ev'ry leaf, and trembles thro' the trees.

So sweet a scene ill suits my rugged lay,
And better fits the music thou canst play.

MICO.

No skill of music can I, simple swain,
No fine device thine ear to entertain;
Albeit some deal I pipe, rude tho' it be,
Sufficient to divert my sheep and me,
Yet Colinet (and Colinet has skill)
My fingers guided on the tuneful quill,
And try'd to teach me on what sounds to dwell,
And where to sink a note, and where to swell.

ARGOL.

Ah Mico! half my flock would I bestow,
Would Colinet to me his cunning show.
So trim his sonnets are, I prithee swain,
Now give us once a sample of his strain:
For, wonders of that lad the shepherds say,
How sweet his pipe, how ravishing his lay:
'The sweetness of his pipe and lay rehearse,
And ask what gift thou pleasest for thy verse.

MICO.

Since then thou list, a mournful song I chuse;
A mournful song becomes a mournful muse.
Fast by a river, on a bank he sat,
'To weep a lovely maid's untimely fate,
Fair Stella hight: a lovely maid was she,
Whose fate he wept; a faithful shepherd he.

Awake my pipe; in ev'ry note express
Fair Stella's death and Colinet's distress.

O woful day! O day of woe! quoth he;
And woful I, who live the day to see!
That ever she could die! O most unkind,
To go, and leave thy Colinet behind!
And yet, why blame I her? full fain would she,
With dying arms, have clasp'd her self to me:
I clasp'd her too; but death was all too strong,
Nor vows, nor tears, could fleeting life prolong.
Teach me to grieve, with bleating moan, my sheep;
Teach me, thou ever-flowing stream, to weep;
Teach me, ye faint, ye hollow winds to sigh;
And let my sorrows teach me how to die:
Nor flock, nor stream, nor winds, can e'er relieve
A wretch like me, for ever born to grieve.

Awake my pipe; in ev'ry note express
Fair Stella's death, and Colinet's distress.

Ye brighter maids, faint emblems of my fair,
With looks cast down, and with dishevel'd hair,
In bitter anguish beat your breasts, and moan
Her hour untimely, as it were your own.
Alas! the fading glories of your eyes
In vain we doat upon, in vain you prize:
For, tho' your beauty rule the silly swain,
And in his heart like little queens you reign;
Yet death will even that ruling beauty kill,
As ruthless winds the tender blossoms spill.
If either music's voice, or beauty's charm,
Could make him mild, and stay his lifted arm;
My pipe her face, her face my pipe should save,
Redeeming thus each other from the grave.

Ah fruitless wish! cold death's up-lifted arm
No music can persuade nor beauty charm:
For see (O baleful sight!) see where she lies!
The budding flow'r, unkindly blasted, dies.

Awake my pipe; in ev'ry note express
Fair Stella's death, and Colinet's distress.

Unhappy Colinet! what boots thee now
To weave fresh garlands for the damsel's brow?
Throw by the lilly, daffadil and rose;
One of black yew, and willow pale, compose,
With baneful henbane, deadly night-shade drest;
A garland, that may witness thy unrest.
My pipe, whose soothing sound could passion move,
And first taught Stella's virgin heart to love,
Untun'd, shall hang upon this blasted oak,
Whence owls their dirges sing, and ravens croak:
Nor lark, nor linnet, shall by day delight,
Nor nightingale divert my moan by night;
The night and day shall undistinguish'd be
Alike to Stella, and alike to me.

Thus sweetly did the gentle shepherd sing,
And heavy woe within soft numbers bring:
And now that sheep-hook for my song I crave.

A R G O L.

Not this, but one much fairer shalt thou have,
Of season'd elm; where studs of brass appear,
To speak the giver's name the month and year;
The hook of polish'd steel, the handle turn'd,
And richly by the graver's skill adorn'd.

O Colinet, how sweet thy grief to hear!
How does thy verse subdue the list'ning ear!
Not half so sweet are midnight winds, that move
In drowsie murmurs o'er the waving grove;
Nor dropping waters, that in grotts distil,
And with a tinkling sound their caverns fill:
So sing the swans, that in soft numbers waste
Their dying breath, and warble to the last:
And next to thee shall Mico bear the bell,
That can repeat thy peerless verse so well.

But see; the hills increasing shadows cast:
The sun, I ween, is leaving us in haste:
His weakly rays but glimmer thro' the wood,
And blueish mists arise from yonder flood.

M I C O.

Then send our curs to gather up the sheep:
Good shepherds with their flocks betimes should sleep:
For, he that late lies down, as late will rise,
And, sluggard like, till noon-day snoring lyes,
While in their folds his injur'd ewes complain,
And after dewy pastures bleat in vain.

T H E
F I F T H P A S T O R A L.

C U D D Y.

I N rural strains we first our music try,
And, bashful, into woods and thickets fly,
Distrustful of our skill. Yet, if thro' time
Our voice improving gain a pitch sublime,
Thy growing virtues, Sackvil, shall engage
My riper verse, and my more settled age.

The sun now mounted to the noon of day,
Began to shoot direct his burning ray,
When, with the flocks, their feeders sought the shade
A venerable oak, wide-spreading, made.
What should they do to pass the loit'ring time?
As fancy led, each form'd his tale in rhyme:
And some the joys, and some the pains of love,
And some to set our strange adventures strove;
The trade of wizzards some, and Merlin's skill,
And whence to charm such empire o'er the will.
Then Cuddy last (who Cuddy can excel,
In neat device?) his tale began to tell.

When shepherds flourish'd in Eliza's reign!
There liv'd in great esteem a jolly swain,
Young Colin Clout; who well could pipe and sing;
And by his notes invite the lagging spring.
He, as his custom was, at leisure laid
In silent shade, without a rival play'd.
Drawn by the magic of th' enticing sound,
What crouds of mute admirers flock'd around!

The steerlings left their food; and creatures wild
By nature form'd, insensibly grew mild.
He makes the birds in troops about him throng,
And loads the neighb'ring branches with his song.

Among the rest, a nightingale of fame,
Jealous, and fond of praise, to listen came.
She turn'd her ear; and emulous, with pride,
Like echo, to the shepherd's pipe reply'd.
The shepherd heard with wonder; and again,
To try her more, renew'd his various strain.
To all his various strains she shapes her throat,
And adds peculiar grace to ev'ry note.
If Colin in complaining accents grieves,
Or brisker motion to his measure gives;
If gentle sounds he modulates, or strong,
She, not a little vain, repeats his song:
But so repeats, that Colin half despis'd
His pipe and skill so much by others priz'd,
And sweetest songster of the winged kind,
What thanks, said he, what praises can I find
To equal thy melodious voice? in thee
The rudeness of my rural life I see;
From thee I learn to vaunt no more my skill.

Aloft in air she sat provoking still
The vanquish'd swain: provok'd at last, he strove
To shew the little minstrel of the grove
His utmost art: if so some small esteem
He might obtain, and credit lost, redeem.
He draws in breath, his rising breast to fill;
Thro' all the wood his pipe is heard to shrill.

From note to note in haste his fingers fly;
Still more and more his numbers multiply;
And now they trill, and now they fall and rise,
And swift and slow they change, with sweet surprize.

Attentive she does scarce the sounds retain,
But to her self first cons the puzzling strain;
And tracing careful note by note, repays
The shepherd, in his own harmonious lays;
Thro' ev'ry changing cadence runs at length,
And adds in sweetness, what she wants in strength.

Then Colin threw his fife disgrac'd aside;
While she loud triumph sings, porclaiming wide
Her mighty conquest. What could Colin more?
A little harp of maple ware, he bore:
The harp it self was old, but newly strung,
Which usual he a-crofs his shoulders hung.
Now take, delightful bird, my last farewell;
He said; and learn from hence, thou dost excel
No trivial artist. And at that he wound
The murm'ring strings, and order'd ev'ry sound.
Then earnest to his instrument he bends,
And both his hands upon the strings extends.
The strings obey his touch, and various move,
The lower answ'ring still to those above.
His restless fingers traverse to and fro,
And in pursuit of harmony they go;
Now, lightly skimming, o'er the strings they pass,
Like winds, that gently brush the plying grass,
And melting airs arise at their command:
And now, laborious, with a weighty hand
He sinks into the cords with solemn pace,
And gives the swelling tones a manly grace:

Then, intricate he blends agreeing sounds,
While music thro' the trembling harp abounds.

The double sounds the nightingale perplex,
And pos'd, she does her troubled spirit vex.
She warbles diffident, 'twixt hope and fear,
And hits imperfect accents, here and there.
Then Colin play'd again, and playing sung.
She, with the fatal love of glory stung,
Hears all in pain: her heart begins to swell;
In piteous notes she sighs, in notes that tell
Her bitter anguish. He, still singing, plies
His limber joints: her sorrows higher rise.
How shall she bear a conqu'ror, who before
No equal, thro' the grove, in music bore?
She droops, and hangs her flagging wings, and moans,
And fetches from her breast melodious groans.
Oppress'd with grief at last, too great to quell,
Down breathless on the guilty harp she fell.

Then Colin loud lamented o'er the dead,
And unavailing tears profusely shed,
And broke his wicked strings, and curs'd his skill;
And, best to make atonement for the ill,
(If for such ill atonement might be made)
He builds her tomb beneath a laurel shade:
Then adds a verse, and sets with flow'rs the ground,
And makes a fence of winding osiers round:
A verse and tomb is all I now can give,
And here thy name at least, he said, shall live.

Thus ended Cuddy with the setting sun,
And by his tale unenvy'd praises won.

T H E
SIXTH PASTORAL

GERON. HOBBINOL. LANQUET.

GERON.

HOW still the sea; behold; how calm the sky!
And how, in sportive chace, the swallows fly!
My goats, secure from harm, no tendence need,
While high on yonder hanging rock they feed:
And here below, the banky shore along
Your heifers graze: and I to hear your song
Dispos'd. As eldest, Hobbinol, begin;
And Lanquet's under-song by turns come in.

HOBBINOL.

Let others meanly stake upon their skill,
Or kid, or lamb, or goat, or what they will;
For praise we sing, nor wager ought beside:
And, whose the praise, let Geron's lips decide.

LANQUET.

To Geron I my voice and skill commend:
Unbias'd he, to both is equal friend.

GERON.

Begin then, boys, and vary well your song;
Nor fear, from Geron's upright sentence, wrong,
A boxen haut-boy, loud, and sweet of sound,
All varnish'd and with brazen ringlets bound,
I to the victor give: no small reward,
If with our usual country pipes compar'd.

HOBBINOL.

The snows are melted, and the kindly rain
Descends on ev'ry herb, and ev'ry grain;
Soft balmy breezes breath along the sky:
The bloomy season of the year is nigh.

LANQUET.

The cuckoo tells aloud her painful love;
The turtle's voice is heard in ev'ry grove:
The pastures change, the warbling linnets sing:
Prepare to welcome in the gaudy spring

HOBBINOL.

When locusts in the fearny bushes cry,
When ravens pant, and snakes in caverns lye;
Then graze in woods, and quit the burning plain;
Else shall ye press the spongy teat in vain.

LANQUET.

When greens to yellow vary, and you see
The ground besfrewed with fruits of ev'ry tree,
And stormy winds are heard; think winter near,
Nor trust too far to the declining year.

HOBBINOL.

Full fain, O blest Eliza; would I praise
Thy maiden rule, and Albion's golden days.
Then gentle Sidney liv'd, the shepherds friend:
Eternal blessings on his shade attend!

LANQUET.

Thrice happy shepherds now! for Dorset loves
The country muse, and our delightful groves;
While Anna reigns. O ever may she reign!
And bring on earth a golden age again.

HOBBINOL.

I love in secret all a beauteous maid,
And have my love in secret all repaid.
This coming night she does reserve for me:
Divine her name; and thou the victor be.

LANQUET.

Mild as the lamb, and harmless as the dove,
True as the turtle, is the maid I love.
How we in secret love, I shall not say,
Divine her name: and I give up the day.

HOBBINOL.

Soft, on a cowslip bank, my love and I,
Together lay: a brook ran murm'ring by.
A thousand tender things to me she said,
And I a thousand tender things repaid.

LANQUET.

In summer shade, beneath the cocking hay,
What soft, endearing words did she not say?
Her lap, with apron deck'd, she kindly spread,
And stroak'd my cheeks, and lull'd my leaning head.

HOBBINOL.

Breathe soft, ye winds; ye waters gently flow;
Shield her, ye trees; ye flowers around her grow;
Ye swains, I beg you, pass in silence by;
My love in yonder vale asleep does lye.

LANQUET.

Once Delia slept, on easy moss reclin'd,
Her lovely limbs half bare, and rude the wind:
I smooth'd her coats, and stole a silent kiss.
Condemn me shepherds, if I did amiss.

HOBBINOL.

As Marian bath'd, by chance I pass'd by;
She blush'd, and at me cast a sidelong eye:
Then swift beneath the chrystal wave she try'd
Her beauteous form, but all in vain, to hide.

LANQUET.

As I to cool me, bath'd one sultry day,
Fond Lydia lurking in the sedges lay,
The wanton laugh'd, and seem'd in haste to fly,
Yet often stopp'd, and often turn'd her eye,

HOBBINOL.

When first I saw, would I had never seen,
Young Lyset lead the dance on yonder green;
Intent upon her beanties as she mov'd,
Poor, heedless wretch, at unawares I lov'd.

LANQUET.

When Lucy decks with flow'rs her swelling breast,
And on her elbow leans, dissembling rest;
Unable to refrain my madding mind,
Nor sheep nor pasture worth my care I find.

HOBBINOL.

Come Rosalind, O come! for without thee,
What pleasure can the country have for me?
Come Rosalind, O come! my brinded kine,
My snowy sheep, my farm and all is thine.

LANQUET.

Come Rosalind, O come! here shady bow'rs,
Here are cool fountains, and here springing flow'rs.
Come Rosalind: here ever let us stay,
And sweetly waste our live-long time away.

HOBBINOL.

In vain the seasons of the moon I know,
 The force of healing herbs, and where they grow;
 There is no herb, no season, may remove
 From my fond heart the racking pains of love.

LANQUET.

What profits me, that I in charms have skill,
 And ghosts and goblins order as I will;
 Yet have, with all my charms, no pow'r to lay
 The sprite, that breaks my quiet night and day.

HOBBINOL.

O that like Colin I had skill in rhymes,
 To purchase credit with succeeding times!
 Sweet Colin Clout! who never yet had peer,
 Who sung thro' all the seasons of the year.

8 MAY 64
LANQUET.

Let me like Wrenock sing; his voice had pow'r
 To free the clipping moon at midnight hour:
 And, as he sung, the fairies, with their queen,
 In mantles blue came tripping o'er the green.

GERON.

Here end your pleasing strife. Both victors are;
 And both with Colin may in rhyme compare.
 A boxen haut-boy, loud, and sweet of sound,
 All varnish'd, and with brazen ringlets bound,
 To both I give. A mizling mist descends
 Adown that steepy rock: and this way tends
 Yon distant rain. Shore-ward the vessel strive;
 And, see, the boys their flocks to shelter drive.

T H E E N D.



